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THE "MAN OF WORDS" AND THE "MEN OF BLOOD."

WE do not know whether Mr. SWINBURNE pays more than an intermittent attention to contemporary politics; but even if he does not, he can hardly fail to have observed how much closer and more fraternal has become that "embrace" which he noted a year ago in indignant verse. The Man of words is not only still clasping the chief of the Men of blood in his arms, but is hiding his venerable head in his friend's bosom, so as not to see what his friend's friends are about. And it is, perhaps, because such a position is not favourable to articulate speech that he leaves it to other men of words to explain, and account for it to inquiring bystanders. Curiously enough, however, these persons themselves have for the nonce become men of singularly few words, and there is the greatest difficulty in getting them to be any more communicative on this subject than their leader. Perhaps Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may be more successful in unlocking their lips than the *Times* has been. The member for West Birmingham has, at any rate, left nothing to be desired in the way of plain speaking. He said at Kilmarnock—and we cannot at the moment recall another instance of a politician of the first rank being constrained to make this precise observation about men who have been his colleagues in office—that the majority of the Liberal party "has for the first time in its history found itself allied"—that is, through the action of its leaders—"with men whose hands were stained with outrage." That is surely rather a serious charge to be preferred against members of the late Cabinet by a public man of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S rank. Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Mr. MORLEY, Mr. MUNDELLA, Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, and the rest can hardly affect to ignore such an accusation from such a quarter, whatever tactics they may claim a right to adopt with regard to statements made in the public press. We shall be glad to hear what they or any of them may have to say on the subject, and how, if at all, they propose to repel so damning a charge.

We shall be glad, we mean, to hear them if they have got anything better worth listening to than those merely idle interpellations of the "lie direct" which the Gladstonians seem to have borrowed with other bad habits from their Parnellite comrades. The easy method adopted below the gangway is well known. It is to cry "No, No!" to such propositions as that "Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH and "Mr. BOURKE were assassinated in the Phoenix Park," or that "a No-Rent Manifesto was once addressed to the "Irish tenants"; and sometimes, as a special act of condescension, to meet a statement proved up to the hilt with a brazen categorical contradiction—an example of which variety of the practice was given the other day in Mr. TIMOTHY HARRINGTON'S impudent denial that "any effort "had been made to force the National League on the Irish "people." The convenience of the practice seems to have commended it to the *Daily News*, which contents itself with declaring that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S statement is "false," and that, "if it is not false to his knowledge, it ought to be," inasmuch as "Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers have "done everything in their power to put down outrage." Everything, that is to say, with the exception of assisting the Executive to put it down; and that work, by way of variety, they are doing everything in their power to thwart. As to Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers "having so far "succeeded" (in what? What word have they ever spoken

or what single act have they done to discourage outrage in Ireland?) "that there is absolutely no justification for the "Crimes Bill," that depends upon what one's ideas of justification are. Statistics, which have of late conceived an implacable hostility to Mr. GLADSTONE, go to show that he and his followers have only "so far succeeded" that the number of agrarian crimes has risen from between the last return but one and the last from 944 to 1,056. And the same Mr. GLADSTONE who now declares that 1,056 agrarian outrages in a year do not justify the passing of a Crimes Act, was prepared, as his troublesome colleague reminds him and us, to renew, in 1885, the "equitable and valuable provisions" of the Act of 1882, on the strength of the perpetration of only 762 outrages in the previous year.

But it is really too much to expect so desperate a contention as that the state of Ireland has improved since the lapse of the last Crimes Act to be seriously combated by any one. We do not know whether even the one Gladstonian apologist in the London press believes in it. It would not be the first time that he had mistaken the line of his leaders if he does; but it is perfectly evident to any man of common sense and common perception that neither Mr. GLADSTONE nor any of the dispirited little staff of ex-Ministers whom he is dragging after him through the mire have the faintest belief in it themselves. They merely play, and do not even vouchsafe to play long, with the argument that the state of Ireland in respect of agrarian crime is satisfactory. They know it to be hopeless to labour that point, and in nearly all their speeches it occupies very scanty space indeed. The bulk of their rhetoric is devoted to the sustainment of the—thoroughly false—allegation that the proposed Crimes Bill is more stringent than precedent sanctions or necessity demands, and to the insinuation, expanding now and then into the open assertion, that whatever the extent of the prevailing disorder in Ireland, it ought not to be dealt with by methods of repression, but by handing over the control of Irish affairs to its authors. If that is not forming "an alliance with men whose hands are "stained with outrage," what is? Let the Gladstonian "items" read through the terrible list of crimes—long enough even if we exclude the cases of boycotting, as cowardly a crime as any—which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN set forth in his speech at Ayr, and then let them honestly ask themselves—if any of the instinct of honesty has survived the rough usage of the last twelve months—whether their leader is not forcing them into what, for all practical purposes, is just as much an alliance with the perpetrators of these crimes as though they, the said Gladstonian items, had stood by the Moonlighters at their brutal work, and formed a cordon round them to keep off the police. That, in fact, is what they are doing now. At the orders of a leader in whom, although he can still mouth phrases about "dishonour," the insatiable lust of power has long since extinguished both the emotion of pity and the sense of shame—at the bidding of a man like this they are doing their best to screen the murderers of BYERS and the murderers of MURPHY, and to renew the license of impunity to the cruel persecutors of the CURTINS and to the inhuman wretches who hoot and jeer the widows of their victims as they follow the remains of their murdered husbands to the grave. That is the responsibility which eminently respectable gentlemen like the mover and seconder of the Amendment propose to assume definitely on Monday next. It should supply them with matter for sufficiently grave reflection during the intervening Sabbath.

MR. NEWDEGATE.

THE death of Mr. NEWDEGATE has caused a feeling of regret among many former friends and opponents. He had retired from public life, and his type of political character had previously become obsolete. Neither brilliant in speech nor subtle in intellect, he was on some points through life invincibly ignorant; but, if the French phrase may be borrowed and inverted, he had the qualities of his defects. He was uniformly consistent and transparently sincere. The convictions of his youth were never disturbed, and his course of action in all circumstances could be easily foreseen. His political opinions, his religious prejudices, and his economic heresies were all recommendations to the favour of the constituency which he represented for more than forty years. The Warwickshire farmers liked a member who rode hard to hounds, who despised Free-trade, and who detested Popery. They knew that his conduct in Parliament would be independent and upright, and they cared nothing for the chance that it might be unfashionable. In many respects Mr. NEWDEGATE resembled the conventional English squire of tradition and fiction. His habits of thought were invulnerable to adverse rhetoric; but if his political creed had been critically examined, it would have been found to include many things which were valuable and true. The profligate versatility of adventurers and sophists is more mischievous than obstinate tenacity, and it is incomparably baser. CARLYLE sometimes appended a saving clause to his frequent denunciation of the stupidity which he attributed to Englishmen. After all, they might, he thought, be excused for holding to dogmas which had been logically demolished, on the ground that there might be something on the other side which lay outside the domain of logic.

Mr. NEWDEGATE had been some years in Parliament when Sir ROBERT PEEL's change of policy on the Corn Laws provoked his deepest indignation. The question of Free-trade differs from almost all other political issues, inasmuch as the expediency of non-interference with commercial dealings admits of arithmetical demonstration. It was because Mr. NEWDEGATE and those who shared his opinions were inaccessible to scientific arguments that they were exposed to the ridicule and contempt of triumphant economists. A witty prelate constructed a formula in which Mr. NEWDEGATE's name was made to represent the superlative degree of dullness. An ingenious writer in the *Times* compared the remaining advocates of the Corn Laws to exceptionally hard cannon-balls, which survived the process of fusion when all the rest had been melted down. If Mr. NEWDEGATE had cared to reply, he might have defended himself by authority, if not by reason. In the matter of Free-trade he only shared the opinions of all other countries, including the English Colonies, and of statesmen who, whatever might be their faults, could scarcely be described as stupid. M. THIERS, the cleverest of the acute race of Frenchmen, was not less unable than Mr. NEWDEGATE to understand why producers should not be subsidized by the rest of the community. In his later years Mr. NEWDEGATE may have been consoled for a long series of defeats by the visible recrudescence of one of his favourite doctrines under the name of Fair-trade. On questions of still graver importance his judgment was sound. Old Tories had their faults; but they would have been incapable of proposing the disruption of the kingdom or of inciting a mob to intimidate the House of Commons.

On another question of less practical importance Mr. NEWDEGATE stood almost alone in the House of Commons, though he represented a strong feeling in the country. He regarded the Roman Catholic communion with suspicion, and almost with terror, and the Jesuits more especially inspired him with antipathy and alarm. The popular feeling against Popery has within a few years in great measure subsided, but twenty years ago it prevailed among all but the higher classes, both in England and in Scotland. The hopes entertained by the Roman hierarchy of reclaiming the mass of English Protestants have been utterly disappointed; but, if the country is not disposed to be converted, it has apparently become comparatively indifferent. For nearly thirty years from the date of the so-called Papal Aggression only two or three Roman Catholic members were returned by constituencies in Great Britain. In the present Parliament a Roman Catholic Secretary of State sits for one of the divisions of Birmingham. The year 1851 must have been the happiest in Mr. NEWDEGATE's public career. The pompous bluster of

Cardinal WISEMAN's proclamation and of the Papal Decree for the change in the ecclesiastical organization of England roused the country to fury, and Lord JOHN RUSSELL gave an additional impulse to the agitation by his foolish Durham letter. Mr. NEWDEGATE was much more in earnest; and he must have been gravely disappointed when the noisy demand for security and retaliation collapsed into the ridiculous dimensions of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. On the other hand, a certain amount of consolation might be derived from the proof which had been given that the No Popery feeling was still widely spread. Although few members of Parliament can really have shared the general panic, the minorities against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill were insignificant in number consisting almost exclusively of Peelites.

At a later time Mr. NEWDEGATE commenced a crusade of his own against the Roman Catholic religious orders, or rather against the clergy and laity who were interested in nunneries. He had persuaded himself that many women were detained in convents against their will, and that they were habitually subject to cruel treatment. Accordingly, he proposed a system of lay inspection which should render such abuses impossible. From the nature of the case, he could not produce direct evidence of the truth of his charges; but he was convinced that official inquiry would disclose the misdeeds which he assumed to exist. He seemed not to be aware that, even if some recluses repent their determination to sacrifice themselves to a supposed duty, they would be detained in the cloister more effectually by a sense of professional honour and of religious obligation than by bolts and bars. It is possible that cases of actual coercion may occur from time to time; but not one professed nun in a thousand would, even if she wished for liberation, consent to owe her freedom to a hostile and heretical inquisition. The natural protectors of the inmates of nunneries are their male relatives and the public opinion of the Roman Catholic community; yet Mr. NEWDEGATE appeared to be surprised when he found that his measure was resented as an insult. The professed champion of Protestantism would not be selected as the guardian and patron of Roman Catholic women, even if they had been liable to ill-treatment. In this or in some similar controversy Mr. NEWDEGATE, for the first time, resented a co-operation which amounted to a caricature. A still more vigilant professor of No Popery having found his way into Parliament habitually exaggerated Mr. NEWDEGATE's terror of the Romish bugbear. As the new comer's bad taste and ignorance were more undeniable than his sincerity, Mr. NEWDEGATE chafed under the parody of his doctrine by his unwelcome ally. At last he denounced his competitor to the House, not as an injudicious or fanatical supporter, but on the characteristic ground that the supposed ultra-Protestant was a disguised emissary of the Jesuits. There was by Mr. NEWDEGATE's admission only internal evidence of the truth of the accusation, but the ubiquitous authors of all evil were obviously responsible for the discredit which might be thrown on their implacable adversary. The House of Commons was naturally amused by the contempt of a high-bred controversialist for his plebeian imitator.

Although Mr. NEWDEGATE's honest prejudices may still provoke a smile, they must not be supposed to have constituted the whole of his character. He maintained through life his attachment to the Constitution as it had been understood by earlier generations. The political truths which he believed were more vital than his economic mistakes, or than his irritable religious susceptibilities. It is not necessary that every member of Parliament should be a philosopher, but it is highly desirable that he should be courageous and upright. Mr. NEWDEGATE was always respected by his colleagues in the House of Commons, and he was not the less liked because he sometimes furnished friends and opponents with matter for ridicule. The honorary distinction which was bestowed on him when he retired from the House of Commons was universally approved. If he had had no other claim to public esteem, he represented a part of the community which had not long before his time formed the governing class. There may be good reasons, as there are certainly plausible pretences, for the congratulations and complacent reflections which attend the celebration of the Jubilee. It may be hoped that posterity will not have cause to associate the new era with the dissolution of the bonds of loyalty and order. If the Jesuits with their supernatural cunning no longer disturb the public imagination, the Romish priests of Ireland ostentatiously conspire in the streets, with the toleration, if not with the approval, of the Holy See. Traitors in high places hound on the

rabble against Parliament on the ground that it ventures to assert its independence and supremacy. Mr. NEWDEGATE may perhaps have been, like the Roman statesman commemorated by CICERO, fortunate in the time of his death.

THE WHITE FLAG AND THE WHITE FEATHER.

AT the amusement provided last Monday for what a certain sycophancy—a sycophancy “whose very name ‘is GLADSTONE’”—calls the generous devotion of the working men of London, a white flag was the signal for the ready-made cheers against Coercion. Very few sensible persons will spend much time or labour in endeavouring to harmonize the (as usual) extremely conflicting estimates of the exact number of processionists and others who attended to manifest, as Mr. GLADSTONE says, generous devotion—as less sympathetic or sycophantic students of human nature may perhaps say, to show the constant and mysterious affection of that nature for “allonging and marshonging,” for making a crowd or gazing at it. It would be uncharitable to impute deliberate misrepresentation to the enumerators on either part. Where all must necessarily be guesswork, mere politeness, putting aside business principles, compels a reporter to guess on his own side. Nor, in fact, do the numbers matter at all. Nobody doubts that on a fine April holiday in London practised organization can get several thousands, perhaps even several tens of thousands, together, and that several tens, and perhaps several scores, of thousands more will go simply to see the others. We should ourselves take no particular pride in the fact if a meeting, proved by skilled enumerators to be half a million, or a million, strong passed resolutions on Whit Monday declaring that the Crimes Bill was the wisest measure of the century. What is really important and interesting is to see what manner of men and what manner of speeches appear and are delivered on such an occasion; in what the new party of the White Flag (an odd standard both for Red Republicans and for apologists of murder to choose) is made of in personnel and in morale; what new recruits Mr. GLADSTONE has got to take the commissions thrown up by Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, by Mr. GOSCHEN and Sir HENRY JAMES.

The survey of names is not a little edifying. The secession of the Unionist-Liberals has confessedly left the Gladstonian party in woful want of officers with whom to carry on the “Guerre aux yachts” and proclaim the “paix aux donkey-carts” which Mr. JOHN MORLEY has announced as the motto of the New Revolution. The SEXTONS and the SULLIVANS and the T. P. O’CONNORS, it will be admitted, do not count; for their own private interests are at stake. The mere parochial nobodies, who are on such occasions only too glad of having their names mentioned somewhere else than in the *Dalston Dispatch* and the *Tothill Fields Thunderer*, do not count either. To estimate the personal force of the protest we must take the burgomasters and great oneyers of the meeting, the chairmen and chief speakers. A more curious assemblage was in this respect perhaps never seen. They are all well-known men in their way; they have all given their measure repeatedly. There was Professor STUART, who has illustrated, though in a rather perverse fashion, the truth of a doctrine which, if report speaks true, he once held himself—that Professors should not sit in Parliament, who at one time had a fair academic reputation, who is said to be a wideawake man of business, and who is now generally considered as being the silliest politician save one in the House of Commons. There was Mr. CONYBEARE, who has either deprived Professor STUART of the complete honour just indicated or saved him from it, whichever phrase may be preferred. There was Dr. PANKHURST, who is very well known in the North of England, though an unkind fate has made him less known, out of Rotherhithe, in London. There was Mr. WILFRID BLUNT, who, if he were in Parliament, might perform the same kind office for Mr. CONYBEARE which Mr. CONYBEARE now performs for Professor STUART. There were Messrs. BROADHURST, HOWELL, CREMER, LUCRAFT, and Co., the professional servants of a hundred agitations, as ready, and as naturally ready, to put their professional services at the disposal of the National League as of any other. There was Mr. WALLACE, whose professions, to do him justice, have been sufficiently varied. There was Mr. BURNS, fresh from his remarks about the CZAR and Lord SALISBURY and the “chemical parcels post.” Every

one of these persons is to those who for their sins have to make acquaintance with the newspapers perfectly well known, and his abilities can be estimated as fairly as the powers of a racehorse who has been for several years on the turf. Not a man of them would be described as a person of extraordinary political ability or weight even by any honest and intelligent Radical. It is true we have forgotten Mr. LABOUCHERE, and, according to some good folk, Mr. LABOUCHERE is a very formidable person indeed. It has, however, hardly yet come to be generally acknowledged that the deficiency of political ability and gravity in a political movement can be made up by Mr. LABOUCHERE.

And what did this imposing demonstration, this embodiment of the generous devotion of the British working-man, this galaxy gallery of British intellect and political experience go out to demonstrate for and to devote itself to? A patient reader, animated with that scrupulous sense of fairness which, according to testimony, inspired Mr. DANIEL DERONDA with a fear of doing “injustice to the megatherium,” may take full reports carefully prepared in, let us say, the *Daily News* and the *Standard*, may correct for bias in each case, and may read them right through without perceiving one single sign that the speakers either recognized the facts of the case, or, if they recognized them, had the honesty to put them before their hearers. That the Crimes Bill is a *Crimes* Bill; that for an honest man it has as little terror as the hangman’s rope or the judge’s black cap, would, no doubt, have been an awkward truth to tell to such an audience and on such platforms. So the speakers said nothing about it, and indulged, instead, in columns of silly or frantic abuse of a Coercion Bill of their own imagination, a Coercion Bill which was about to inflict dire, though somewhat uncertain, torments on innocent persons, to rivet chains on a guiltless nation, to “trample upon and plunder the industrious masses of the Irish people.” These last are the *ipsissima verba* of the Lord Mayor of DUBLIN, who thus pays his country and its masses the compliment of declaring that Irish industries are murder, and the possession of which Ireland fears to be plundered is the liberty to commit hideous outrages on man and beast in punishment of disobedience to the orders of the National League.

The demand, therefore, of those who from Mr. GLADSTONE downwards insist that attention shall be paid to this and other similar collections of swaggering ragamuffins, comes to simply this—that the white flag shall be met with the white feather; that a complete surrender shall be made to Mr. PARNELL, Mr. O’BRIEN, Mr. FORD, Mr. EGAN, the successors of the late Mr. BRADY, and all the representatives, Parliamentary and extra-Parliamentary, active and talkative, of the Irish revolt against England, against order, and against humanity. It has been suggested, unkindly, if not unplausibly, that a considerable number of those who cheered Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. BURNS on Monday had urgent private reasons for regarding coercion of any kind as a very obnoxious thing, for doing unto Irish as they would have done to English criminals. That may or may not be so. What is really and indisputably true is that every one, whether political intriguer or professional criminal, whether fanatical Socialist or dispassionate wire-puller, whether loose talker or practical actor, who joins or approves such demonstrations, is consciously or unconsciously, openly or covertly, demanding of all respectable people that this surrender shall be made. Again and again have the more reputable Gladstonians been requested to show how this measure will hurt the innocent, and how, if the crimes it proposes to deal with more summarily, and to bring home more sharply to the criminals, are not committed in Ireland, it can do any hurt at all, even to the Ireland of their imagination. They will hardly be very grateful for Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN’s explanation that Mr. GLADSTONE’s coercion touched only “housebreakers, murderers, moonlighters, and criminals”—including, it would seem, in these categories, Mr. PARNELL—and that though it suppressed the Land League, it did not interfere with “politics.” Mr. BRYCE admits that if the terrible change of venue, the last and worst outrage, were carried out, the Irishman would be certain of a fair trial. In that case the Irishman who was innocent would, humanly speaking, be certain of acquittal, and the Irishman who was guilty would, with the same proviso, be certain of condemnation. It cannot be supposed that Mr. BRYCE or anybody else is anxious that the innocent Irishman shall not be acquitted. Therefore, what the meeting of Monday by its thousands or ten thousands of throats, by its baker’s dozen of platforms, by its LABOUCHERES and

by its BURNSES, demands, is that the Irishman who is guilty shall not be condemned. All the chatter about resident magistrates, all the bluster about bloody and barbarous Bills comes to simply this, that the crime shall not be detected, and that the criminal shall go free.

WAR OFFICE QUAKERS.

IT is always agreeable, however often the thing may happen, to find the world coming round to one's opinion. So we note with satisfaction that the reduction in the Horse Artillery is being generally recognized as a very stupid and wasteful measure. The folly of the thing was as gross and palpable some months ago as it is now. All the many arguments against it were well known. Every competent military authority who had spoken on the subject had condemned the action of the War Office. The only approach to an apology made by the officials who by a figure of speech are called responsible, was seen to be a mere juggle with words. But the System went on its way amid a too general indifference if not grimly smiling, which is an expression not devoid of dignity; then fatuously sniggering and prepared to do its little bit of administrative thimble-rigging. Now when Colonel RAVENHILL is just off to carry through the suppression of four Horse Artillery batteries, it is everywhere seen that a great mistake is about to be made. As the batteries are not yet dissolved, and the Colonel can still be recalled by telegram to headquarters, the discovery may not come too late; but it is certainly tardy. A great deal is said on all sides about the system of the War Office or Admiralty; but the newspaper system of not understanding, or not caring to oppose, the mischief which is being done is responsible for nearly as much evil in its day. Since we have an administration of naval and military affairs which cannot be trusted to behave with common sense unless it is kept straight by external criticism, it would seem that the critics who have remained so long silent might abstain from taking too lofty a tone when they do speak at last. The good work now being done in the navy is to be mainly attributed to the efforts of discontented persons and alarmists, who, after years of persuasion, contrived to make people understand how weak the sea forces of the country had been allowed to become. Late as it is, the opposition to the reduction in the Horse Artillery may still come in time to prevent the folly of the War Office. It is a sufficiently disgraceful thing that our military administration should need continual checking and spurring; but, since it is as it is, the only resource is to check and spur.

If any doubt remained of the unwisdom of the reduction, it ought to be effectually removed by the eloquence of Lord HARRIS, speaking in defence of it to the Primrose League at Poole. The UNDER-SECRETARY of the War Office has at last been induced by the awful prospect of a general clamour to do more than run behind the unnamed and irresponsible military advisers of his department. So he set to work to answer the critics. Their arguments are, as we must suppose, sufficiently well known. It has been pointed out before that this so-called conversion is very much on a par with the advances of pay to his troops made by the Lion of the North and Bulwark of the Protestant Faith, which, as Captain DALGETTY justly observed, were, "in fact, a "borrowing by that great monarch of the additional two-thirds which were due to the soldier." Lord HARRIS differs in many respects from GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS; but he is almost as ingenious in the use of substantives. The conversion of the Horse Artillery is, in fact, an abolition of four batteries. The country loses an efficient part of its forces, and receives in return a promise that some transport, not yet organized, will be supplied to some army corps not in existence. Any comparison with Continental armies is so absurd as to be denounced even in quarters whence once came loud cries for a short service system based on the German model. The Germans can afford to keep their batteries weak in peace time, because they know where to lay their hands on guns, carriages, harness, horses, and trained men at a moment's notice. When we part with the smallest efficient unit in our army, what we get in return is some inchoate thing or another, which is to be useful if half a dozen other things, never yet tested practically, are found to work at a pinch. Is not the history of short service a sufficient warning against pedantic formal imitations of Germany? The British army is not recruited like the

German, does not do the same work, and has to exist under totally different conditions. The feeble race of imitators who worship any new thing nearly ruined our army as it is. If they have not succeeded, it is because their crude work has been corrected by a return to old methods in twenty indirect ways. Lord HARRIS does not trouble himself to answer arguments. He takes the easier course of laying his hand upon his heart, and asking gods and men whether they really suspect that manly organ of harbouring a thought derogatory to the Horse Artillery. We have no doubt that the breast of Lord HARRIS is full of the noblest emotions; but that is not the question. The War Office is accused of doing something foolish, and persisting in defiance of warning. The charge is that it is destroying ("convert" the wise it call) one of the few really efficient parts of our army, either because it wants to effect a little economy, or because it is being delivered of its tenth still-born scheme of reorganization in seventeen years. To this Lord HARRIS replies that these things cannot be thus "because my heart is "pure." But poetry, even Lord TENNYSON'S, is not argument. A little later, when answering to another count, Lord HARRIS adapted poetry again, and offered his head, like HÉRVÉ RIEL. He said he would be hanged cheerfully if the War Office was not spotless in a certain matter. Now, when the day of wrath arrives, on which the War Office shall "die in a horse's nightcap," to use the language of the criminal classes, there can be no doubt that Lord HARRIS will march stoutly to the gallows. But this, again, is not argument, and moreover his Lordship and his Lordship's officials are in no danger of being hanged. By the time the full effects of the mischief they are doing is felt, he will probably be out, and they will be on retiring pensions. Therefore we prefer not to see the mischief done.

The count on which Lord HARRIS was prepared to undergo the extreme penalty of the law was the alleged mismanagement of the War Office in the supply of sword bayonets. It is very irritating to the official mind that while a Committee is sitting to inquire into this very matter sword bayonets will keep on bending. The last occasion has been the testing of the City of London Artillery Volunteers' weapons at Fort Cumberland. A dummy was set up under the eye of Mr. HENRY C. BURDETT, who reports the result, and it was vigorously prodded. The sword of Colonel HOPE—a trusty blade of his own choosing, which had flashed to some purpose on the battle-fields of the Crimea—went through that dummy of cotton waste and straw like the sword Balmung. One of the officers took it, "and "catching it against two coils of rope which it could not "penetrate, the blade broke with a loud report, but would "not remain bent." What Colonel HOPE said to the officer is not reported. Quite different was the conduct of the City of London Artillery Volunteers' sword bayonets. They would bend in the dummy and out of it on the ground, but they would not break. Perhaps it is an advantage to have a sword-bayonet which, if it bends like a bill-hook when used, can be bent back under the foot of its owner (if he survives), and can then be put in the scabbard so as to present a decent appearance on parade. This is doubtless what Lord HARRIS meant when he said that some weapons supplied by his Department had "according to modern ideas proved defective." Were there ever times in which it was thought enough if a steel weapon could be twisted about like putty? Was that the sort of good blade with which Sir GALAHAD carved the casques of men? Certainly not; but it would do well enough on parade, and the British soldier could use it to toast herrings. The War Office has always considered the British Army and its weapons as things meant to appear on parade and nowhere else. According to modern ideas this is a mistake, and so when bayonets bend in dummies there is an outcry which is not even stilled by the spectacle of a committee sitting as hundreds of other committees have sat. Besides, there is a general belief out of the War Office that the committee is sitting to collect facts, and the little experiment at Fort Cumberland, Portsmouth, will be very useful to that end. In the Department, of course, the view is that committees sit to prove that nobody was to blame and it was all the System. According to the modern ideas of some that, again, is a poisonous old sham.

EGYPT, RUSSIA, AND AFGHANISTAN.

IT is quite according to precedent that the usual lull in European politics at Easter should be accompanied by an increase of rumours about Oriental affairs. The reported mission from the MAHDI's successor to "the QUEEN, the SULTAN, and the KHEDEVE" is one of those things which may mean anything or nothing. It is well known that the Soudanese, however little they may have liked Egyptian domination, have been even more discontented at the interruption to trade and the consequent diminution of profit which have followed the war. The Arab in the wide sense has a rather remarkable resemblance to the Englishman, in that he is eminently a trading as well as a fighting animal. Not improbably the mission, if it is a reality, may have something to do with the reopening of the trade routes. It is not obvious how it can have anything to do with that English exodus from Egypt which appears to have become one of the favourite objects of Gladstonians, or indeed with any high political affairs at all. The sheikhs are unlikely after their experience already to attempt the offensive in force against the Anglo-Egyptian outposts except under the pressure of an outbreak of fanaticism which is not now known to exist. On the other hand, if they are not very likely to attack us, we are still less likely to attack them. Some day, as every competent person knows, Egypt, or the Power, whatever it is, that dominates Egypt, will have to repair the effects of Mr. GLADSTONE's retrograde policy and roll back once more the wave of barbarism which has been allowed to descend the Upper Nile. But that time is not yet, and it may be taken for granted that the present Government is as little likely to entertain any large project for the recovery of Greater Egypt as we are glad to think it is unlikely to entertain any scheme for the abandonment of Lesser Egypt to anarchy or to the French.

The reports as to Russia and Afghanistan are more serious and considerably more disquieting. After making every allowance for exaggeration and for false reports, there can be very little question that the domestic politics of Russia are in a very bad way indeed. There seems to be little doubt that, whether each one of the successively reported attacks or attempts on the CZAR be fact or fiction, his life is by those who should know thought to be exposed to unusual danger, and the precautions (of themselves sufficient to make a sane man mad and a brave man cowardly) which are observed at Gatchina have been multiplied and made more complicated. The numerous arrests of officers said to have been made are also a very threatening sign, and one directly tending to make aggressive military action of some sort or another likely. But the most alarming symptom of all, if it be a real symptom, is the alleged discontent of the general population at the two fires of official repression and underground conspiracy between which they live. For it must be remembered that the parallel—so often drawn and so constantly fallacious—between Russia and Ireland is perhaps most fallacious here. The "coercion" recently exerted, and soon, it is hoped, to be exerted again, in Ireland, has absolutely no terrors for honest men or for persons concerned solely about their lawful business. And, except the active conspirators and the ignorant populace who side with them, nearly everybody in Ireland is only too anxious for the said agitators and the said populace to be kept in order. "Respectability," in short, across St. George's Channel is heartily and wholly with coercion. "Respect-ability" may not be very largely represented in Russia—not that Russians are not respectable, but that the official and military classes, on the one hand, and the mere peasantry, on the other, leave but a narrow margin between them. But there is no doubt that, though it by no means sympathizes with the Nihilists as a rule, it is galled by the precautions taken against them and by the general system of government, while it is specially impatient of the apparent endlessness and aimlessness of the strife. The analogue, as far as there is one, of the very class which would cheerfully vote for coercion in Ireland in perpetuity would probably, if it could vote at all, vote for a radical change of the whole system of government in Russia.

This makes the recurrence to the old disastrous remedy of foreign enterprise to keep the army occupied, please patriots, and divert attention generally, by no means improbable. Yet this enterprise can hardly be directed westward. It is quite evident that nothing short of some unexpected accident, or some uncontrollable freak of temper, will induce

the CZAR to exchange the plotting and provoking policy for one of open violence in Bulgaria. If anything, therefore, is to be done, it must be done at the other end of the Empire, more particularly as Russians themselves acknowledge that they have sustained a diplomatic defeat there in the negotiations which extracted from them a guarantee to China in exchange for the evacuation of Port Hamilton. All this naturally makes those who know somewhat anxious for a true account of the rumoured chafferings about the Afghan frontier. Our own opinion about these chafferings is very well known. We do not think that any paper advantage to be obtained in them is of intrinsic importance, or that any paper concession is of intrinsic disadvantage. Russia never makes any agreement without a secret clause—in ink by no means invisible to the initiated—that it may be broken as soon as it conveniently can; and this makes the other stipulations of any such agreement a matter of the very smallest real importance. But there is another side to the affair. Besides the actual, we have to consider the apparent gain or loss; besides the figures and names of the bargain, we have to calculate the "Qu'en dira-t-on?" and it must be admitted that England can very ill afford the appearance of making another concession to Russia such as that vaguely announced. The announcement, it is true, is exceedingly vague. The substitution of the southern rather than the northern branch of the Oxus is (just as it has been before in the case of the Attrek and other rivers) the common form of a Russian claim. The streams of the earth are more accommodating to Russia than to HORTSPUR, and, without having Trent turned, there is generally a delta of some sort or other in respect of which it is possible to argue that the monstrous cattle ought to be given to Russia and not away from her. The most important problem of the kind occurring, or likely soon to occur, concerns the extreme upper waters of the Oxus, in which the successive concession of this favourite plea would successively give to Russia Kunduz, Fyzabad, and the southern plateaus of the Pamir, thus letting her in once more close upon India's borders, instead of holding her off by a broad and difficult intervening zone. These districts, however, though they have been quite recently in a kind of dispute between the Afghan AMEER and the Russians, or their cipher-vassal of Bokhara, were not supposed to be included in Sir WEST RIDGWAY's province, and it is to be hoped that no such unwisdom as any "concession" in regard to them is to be feared. The actual point of dispute is said to be in the neighbourhood of Khoja Saleh, where in ordinary maps Bokhara, Afghanistan, and the Turkoman country meet. It is represented, of course, as a matter of give and take; but it is very much to be feared that in Eastern opinion, at any rate, it will be all take on Russia's side and no give. Some such result has always been feared by those best acquainted with the subject, and this fear has in its turn suggested a hope that the negotiations might rather be broken off than brought to a nominal conclusion. In the breaking off there would be at least nothing discreditable, and it is but too probable, or, rather, too certain, that in the conclusion, even if Russia exacted no concessions at all, there would be nothing advantageous. To allow for a consideration an apparent triumph to an adversary who is certain in any case to pay no attention whatever to the consideration for which the triumph is allowed, must be admitted to be a proceeding not so much unwise as inexplicable. However, the present state of information on the subject is very imperfect. It seems pretty certain that the disturbances in Afghanistan itself have been exaggerated, and the rather mysterious Holy War affair is, after all, nothing new. It is to be hoped that the present Government is wide awake to the central principle of all dealings with Russia. That principle is that if she is ready or willing to go to war no agreement will stop her, while if she is not ready or not willing it is quite unnecessary to have any agreement at all.

THE SOCIALIST NUISANCE.

THE preliminary demonstration in Hyde Park, made last Sunday by those natural allies of Mr. GLADSTONE's composite party, the Social Democrats, was unhappily no new thing. It was so little a novelty that it was an avowed continuation of another meeting of the same kind held in the same place on the 3rd. Both have resulted in proceedings in the police-courts which are not yet finished, and which there is therefore no necessity to speak about, and

that again is a very happy circumstance, considering how ineffably dull such things are. All these attempts to reorganize society by depriving the police of their Sunday rest are very much alike, the principal difference being that some of them are larger than others. The last seems to have been rather exceptionally big. There are stories of a crowd four or five thousand strong rushing out of the Park into Oxford Street flourishing sticks, boasting of what its members had done and would do again, and giving trouble to the police. The thing is, like previous Sunday brawls in church and elsewhere, a proof of the growing cowardice of the community. It is idle to talk of the insignificance of the wirepullers of the S. D. F. and the feebleness of their following of roughs. Leaders and followers are strong enough to disturb and annoy the whole orderly community. They are strong enough, that is to say, to deserve the compliments of the most effectual suppression; and yet they are allowed to go on week after week choosing their places for demonstrations, insulting and annoying decent people, and it is thought much if half a dozen of them can be run in for assaults on the police. This toleration may be dignified by fine names and excused in plausible talk; but, as a matter of fact, it is simply a proof of the lazy cowardice of a community which no longer dares to defend itself.

There have been complaints on the part of persons who declare they have been maltreated by the police engaged in breaking up the mob of last Sunday. What amount of truth there may be in them is a question which there are as yet no means of settling; but, on the supposition that they are well founded, there are two morals to be drawn from them. The first moral is that respectable people should keep out of the way when meetings of Social Democrats are going forward. The respectable man, who dislikes running the risk of having his head broken by a policeman's truncheon, should not go where that truncheon may probably be used. It is very hard for an officer at fisticuffs with roughs to distinguish the decent looker-on who has got mixed up with them. To this it may be answered that many most estimable persons may have no choice in the matter. They may be going through the streets on works of necessity or mercy, or they may simply know nothing about it, and find themselves, before they know where they are, in the midst of a shoal of roughs, pursued by the police. Their case is no doubt hard. It is monstrous that people engaged on their lawful occasions should be subjected to these risks, but here comes in the second moral. The remedy for this evil is that meetings convened by agitators and attended by roughs should be forbidden. If that course were taken, all danger to people walking in the streets or the Park would end at once. These gatherings of the S. D. F. and their friends of the criminal classes have long ceased to be anything but avowed efforts to cause disorder. The agitators who summon them, and the rabble which attends, openly declare that they will make a riot if they can. It is sheer dishonesty to argue that they are in any sense peaceful and legitimate methods of agitation. It is no better than imbecile folly to allow them on the pretext that they are composed of insignificant fellows who may safely be allowed to bellow their nonsense as much as they please. Their nonsense, as has been shown some dozen times now in less than a year, is exceedingly apt to express itself in mere riot. The community has stood them long enough, and nobody who is capable of distinguishing between the truth and its opposite will maintain for a moment that the suppression of them would be an interference with free discussion. The community, however, seems too idle or too timid to bestir itself; and, though it would unquestionably welcome a little spirit on the part of its rulers, it will do nothing to encourage them to act. They, again, will do nothing till they are encouraged. All belief that the duty of government is to protect the community seems extinct in the minds of persons in authority. They wait for the community to assure them that they can act without risking their majority, and so the rioters have their way. In the meantime, a political party containing many gentlemen who would object to being called rioters has no objection to using them just as it uses rascals who threaten murder and fools who parade coffins. The spectacle does not inspire much confidence in the vigorous things we are going to do when at last our blood is up and we undertake the task of making an end of Irish or any other conspiracy. The boiling-point of our blood has gone a long way up the thermometer within the last few generations.

DIFFICULTIES WITH AMERICA.

WHILE the Conference at the Colonial Office suggests to sanguine minds a prospect of Imperial union and greatness, current events remind the Government of the risks and liabilities which result from the possession of vast and scattered dominions and of a world-wide commerce. England is now, and has been for many years past, the most pacific of all great States, at least in wish and intention; but it is impossible to abdicate the duty of maintaining colonial interests and rights, and of protecting the persons and property of English traders and shipowners. The controversies of Canada with the United States, and of Newfoundland with France, are in the highest degree unwelcome to the English Government. In both cases an equitable arrangement is prevented or delayed by the irritation which prevails both in the colony and on the part of the adverse claimant. A local dispute is aggravated by the jealousy and suspicion with which England is regarded by rival Powers, both in the Eastern and the Western hemispheres. Past and present occasions of quarrel are revived or stimulated by any casual conflict of interests. It is much to be regretted that there are in different parts of the world grounds or pretexts for antagonism between England and France, and the bitterness which is caused by the English occupation of Egypt and by French annexations in Madagascar and in the Pacific Islands affects the spirit in which the encroachments of French fishermen in Newfoundland are discussed on either side. As between England and the United States there ought to be no impediment to a good understanding. Yet the insistence of the English Government on the Canadian Fisheries Convention is met by vituperation and menace, and the PRESIDENT and the Senate are supposed to meditate unfriendly interference in a dispute which has lately occurred between England and a petty West Indian Republic. The offensive agitation for the disruption of the United Kingdom cannot be wholly attributed to the exigencies of American politics, but it has not provoked either remonstrance or retaliation.

The repose of a quiet conscience, or, in other words, the national goodwill and good feeling of England to the United States, are indicated by the almost unbroken silence which has lately been observed on the subject of the Canadian Fisheries. An alternate study of English and American journals produces a chronic feeling of surprise at the violence on one side and the absence of any trace of pugnacity on the other. There is no question of a contemptuous disregard of American susceptibilities, for almost all but official politicians in England are really ignorant of the amount of irritation which prevails in the United States. It is well known that the American Government is dissatisfied with the terms and with the operation of the Fisheries Convention; but it is taken for granted that, either by agreement or under arbitration, an essentially legal dispute will be amicably settled. The general supineness may perhaps not be without danger. An appeal to the patriotic spirit of his fellow-citizens which has lately been issued in the name of the PRESIDENT gives notice that his Government is thoroughly in earnest. The document purports to be the answer to a memorial signed by persons interested in Canadian trade to the effect that the prohibition of intercourse with the Dominion which has been authorised by Congress might sufficiently effect its purpose if it were partially applied. The PRESIDENT replies, in substance, that it would be inexpedient to make exceptions, although they might be beneficial to special interests. All classes must, he says, make any sacrifices which may be required for the defence of the national honour and welfare. There is no reason to dispute the theoretical soundness of the PRESIDENT's doctrine; but it is somewhat alarming to learn that the Canadian dispute is to be settled by methods so hostile or so serious. It is true that up to the present time the Executive Government has not thought fit to use the extraordinary powers which it received from the Senate and the House of Representatives.

General surprise will be caused by the announcement that the American Government is preparing for a possible quarrel with England on an entirely different pretext. In consequence of a refusal of compensation to certain aggrieved British subjects, it has been found necessary to threaten reprisals against the Republic of Hayti. According to one report, the town of Port au Prince was to be bombarded. Another version, which may or may not be accurate, attributes to the English authorities the intention of occupying by force the Haytian island of Tortugas. There is a third rumour to the effect

that the Government of Hayti lately proposed to surrender Tortugas in satisfaction of the English claim for a large sum of money. As the offer has apparently not been accepted, if it was really made, it can scarcely have disturbed American susceptibilities. If it had not been explicitly stated that the American Government has instituted an inquiry into the naval force of which it could immediately dispose, it would seem incredible that it should interfere with the indisputable right of every Power to protect its subjects. No argument but force employed or threatened is likely to have any influence over the half-relapsed savages who play at constitutional government in the negro Republic. The American claim seems to be derived from the so-called MONROE doctrine, which is supposed to prohibit the annexation of the island or sandbank of Tortugas. It is extremely unlikely that the English Government should meditate the permanent occupation of any fragment of Haytian territory; but pressure in the nature of a restraint might be more humane than a bombardment, and not less effective. Neither England nor any other European Power has recognized the validity of the MONROE doctrine; but, on the other hand, it has not been directly impugned. Natural tendencies sometimes acquire recognition as positive laws. The Australian Colonies have attempted to establish a MONROE doctrine in the South Pacific; and at some future time, when they are strong enough, they will probably establish their monopoly of possession. The Government of the United States appears to be premature in suspecting that there is any scheme of extending the English possessions in the West Indies.

It is not known whether negotiations for the settlement of the more serious dispute on the Canadian Fisheries have been resumed in London or at Washington. To Englishmen, who are perhaps not impartial judges in their own case, the legal position of their own Government in allowing the late Act of the Dominion Parliament seems to be unassailable; but neither Lord SALISBURY nor his predecessor has insisted on the strict rights which are conferred by the treaty of 1818. The English Government has only asked for a joint inquiry into the whole question, and the PRESIDENT at one time consented to the proposal, though his decision was overruled by the Senate. Conflicting claims to the enjoyment of fishing privileges appear to be exceptionally difficult of adjustment. For more than a century the French fishermen in the neighbourhood of Newfoundland have striven to extend their limited privileges of using the shores of the colony for the purpose of drying and curing the produce. As to the fisheries themselves, there can be no dispute, as they are in the open sea; and it is not denied that the French fishermen have, by virtue of treaties, certain easements on the shores; but, as might be expected, they are constantly accused of encroachment, and the policy of the French Government and Legislature tends to give them a monopoly in foreign markets at the expense of their English competitors. Fish exported on French account is allowed a bounty which is said to exceed 75 per cent. of the value; and consequently the staple industry of Newfoundland is almost entirely ruined. As in the similar case of the sugar bounties, a State acts within its powers, and therefore within its rights, in deranging the natural course of trade by artificially cheapening the products of its own subjects. It might have been expected that English fish would be excluded from French markets by differential duties, but that a particular industry should be subsidized by the State is a grievous hardship to commercial rivals, if not a legal wrong.

The people of Newfoundland have still one remedy which they can employ if their legislation is sanctioned by the Crown. The French fishermen of Miquelon and St. Pierre can only procure the necessary bait on the coast of Newfoundland; and the Newfoundland Legislature lately passed an Act for the purpose of excluding them from resorting to their usual sources of supply. It would seem that the measure was within the competence of the Colonial authority; and the Governor urgently impressed on the Colonial Office the expediency of allowing the Act to come into force. Without further information it is impossible to decide whether the SECRETARY OF STATE has been well advised in disallowing the Newfoundland Bill. His avowed reason was founded on unwillingness to give offence to France by disappointing the fishermen who have already made their preparations for the fishing season. It appears that the validity of the Act, if it had been approved by the Crown, is not questioned by the Colonial Office. The colonists will have been deeply disappointed; but in this case, as in the Canadian dispute, the Imperial Government has to consider its own relations

to foreign Powers as well as the interests of the Colonies. Some months hence the question will recur, as the Newfoundland Legislature will almost certainly reintroduce the protective Bill. Sir HENRY HOLLAND will then not be able to object that the French fishermen are taken by surprise. There is no probability that the French Government will modify the scale of bounties; and it may become necessary to incur the risk of another cause of difference and irritation. Historical students may amuse themselves by tracing the present embarrassments to long-past personal causes. If, at the beginning of GEORGE III.'s reign, the great Minister whom he found in office had not been superseded by a Court favourite, PITT would never have allowed the islands of Miquelon and St. Pierre to revert to France by the Peace which was concluded in 1763. The cost of another year of war might probably have been incurred, but there would now have been no French competition with the fishermen of the oldest English colony.

OUR AFFLICTIONS IN THE STREET.

NOT long ago a ratepayer of Paddington was disturbed in his Sunday morning reflections by disorderly howlings. Sallying into the street, he discovered the "Salvation Army" in action some forty yards from his door. He addressed himself to the most responsible-looking of the wrongdoers, and, striving to make himself heard through the inspiring strains of "Two Lovely White Souls," required him to depart. No notice being taken of him, he sought a policeman, and was so fortunate as to find one in the immediate vicinity. This functionary ordered the assemblage to move on. The leader then indignantly demanded of the ratepayer whether he was aware that he (the ratepayer) was "a persecutor of religion." The ratepayer neither repudiated nor denied the impeachment, but insisted that the songsters should withdraw, which, after some brief demur, they reluctantly did. Thus, by the energetic behaviour of a single individual, was a whole neighbourhood delivered from a lawless pest. The moral is, that the degree of courage requisite for making a verbal objection to the commission of a nuisance, combined with sufficient intelligence to give the law credit for having foreseen and forbidden the most commonplace sort of offensive behaviour, suffices to get rid of an affliction from which countless dwellers in streets have suffered, and do suffer, to an extent altogether unnecessary and discreditable.

What has been successfully done on a small scale by a private person could with equal ease be done on a large scale by the authorities lawfully constituted for that purpose. If one policeman can rout by the peaceful terrors of his white gloves a crowd of fanatics occupied in profane caterwauling, it is certain that a thousand policemen could disperse, without bloodshed or even black eyes, an assemblage of tramps and "corner-men" engaged at two shillings a head to make what all Londoners now understand by a "demonstration." Why should two thousand or two hundred thousand people be allowed to fill up the streets with dirty crowds, ridiculous banners, and discordant bands of music, and to occupy the most open and healthy part of Hyde Park for a whole afternoon, to the detriment of the part of the population which wants to put park and street to the purposes of recreation and business, for which they were respectively made? It may not be expedient altogether to forbid gigantic demonstrations; but there can be no possible objection to confining them within due limits. The little band of self-advertisers who call themselves the Social Democratic Federation have at least done good service in extracting from the residents in and near Trafalgar Square their protest against the sufferings permitted to be inflicted on that particular locality. To forbid actual speech-making in the streets and squares of London would not interfere in the least with anybody's liberty to express his opinions, and it would materially conduce to the safety and comfort of the metropolis at large. If we had an efficient House of Commons and a courageous Home Office the thing would be done, either by statute or by a legitimate exercise of the powers already entrusted to the police, before Whitsuntide.

Closely akin to the subject of misbehaviour of crowds in the streets is the perpetually recurring topic of misbehaviour of individuals, animated by not wholly dissimilar considerations. The crowd of loafers who walk in a procession with a few stones in their pockets, always with an eye to the possible prospect of breaking a shop-window, and pillaging the

counter, are hardly more essentially respectable than the enterprising burglar, who fights at night for his own hand. The latter is less dangerous, in that he seldom works in very large gangs; and more reprehensible, in that he generally provides himself with deadly weapons. Therefore, when he does come into conflict with the police, it is worse for the police than a demonstration. Against a demonstration the police, though fewer in number, are practically the stronger party, by reason of their discipline, and of the enemy being mostly unarmed. Against burglars the police are seldom in a more advantageous numerical proportion than one to two, and have besides the serious handicap of carrying a dubious stick, more or less difficult to extract from its receptacle, as against a revolver which is fairly likely to hit a man at a range not exceeding a yard. The greater courage the police show—and it would be impossible for them to show more than they generally do—the more serious to them the consequences frequently are. This state of things will probably be remedied in the long run, and to make that run a little shorter is the purpose of the observations on the subject which have been reiterated, and will continue to be reiterated, at due intervals, in these columns. There are two ways of dealing with the difficulty, and they ought both to be adopted. The first, and most obvious, is to put the constable more on a level with his enemies. We cannot secure that he shall be in greater numerical force, for the simple reason that the burglar has free choice of the point of attack. But we can, and should, so equip him that he need not be at a hopeless disadvantage. The obvious thing to do is to give him a revolver. This has elements of unpopularity for various reasons. But a policeman generally has a minute or so of warning when he is about to close with a desperate burglar, and that would suffice to get a revolver ready for action, even although he might never have cocked it for use in earnest in his life before. Until the men are at close quarters a revolver, being short and difficult to aim with, should not be brought into play, and, indeed, as a general rule, burglars have the sense to observe this principle. It has been suggested that, if there are to be no firearms, the police, as they have a truncheon on one side, might be equipped with something in the nature of a hand-bayonet on the other. This might have even more salutary results than the revolver, always provided that the bayonet was not made of brown paper; but the English prejudice against the use of the knife for the general purposes of human intercourse is undoubtedly one that ought to be respected. Nevertheless, a few more disasters such as that of which gallant Sergeant BARKER was the victim will strengthen the conviction that, whether they like it or not, the police must be more formidably armed for night duty. When that conviction has attained such vitality that the matter seriously occupies the mind of Scotland Yard, it will probably be found that the revolver—with the use of which the men should, of course, be familiarized by frequent practice—presents the simplest, shortest, and most effective solution of the problem. The other method of dealing with armed burglars is retributive. If it was understood, as a matter of course, that a long term of penal servitude, or, better still, a flogging with a whip intended to hurt, would be the inevitable consequence of being convicted of a crime committed with the moral support of a revolver concealed about the person, it is probable that the sport of shooting the police would lose much of its attractiveness. The judges might, by agreement among themselves, do a good deal towards this, though only in the way of a prolonged term of incarceration. In one remarkable instance they have found it necessary to act in this way. Every postman knows that if he is detected in stealing letters he will be sent to penal servitude, however good his character may have been previously, unless there is something in the nature of a most unusual excuse or mitigation. There can be no doubt that the fact contributes greatly to the safety of our letters sent by post. A similar expressed understanding about the use of firearms by criminals would be of great value. But a statute would be better. It would give greater force, coherency, and publicity to the principle of increased punishment, than a mere judicial convention can, and a merely permissive statute would be better than nothing. There would be no undue severity in enacting that the possession of firearms—whether used or not—during the commission of a crime of violence should be a distinct element of guilt, to be charged in the indictment and found by the jury; and that a conviction for an offence thus aggravated might be punished by flogging and otherwise with increased severity. The police have again and again shown themselves quite

ready to sacrifice their lives or limbs in the efficient discharge of their duty. That is all the more reason why we should afford them all the protection that judicious legislation can give.

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS ON HIMSELF.

THE Confessions of Sir JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS to the students of the Sheffield School of Art are entirely free from morbid or sensational interest. To say that they are free from interest of any kind would be alike discourteous and untrue. Most people like to know all about anybody who has succeeded in life, while Sir JOHN MILLAIS is one of the few artists who are almost equally admired by critics and the general public. The fact that the youthful MILLAIS bought buns for other boys may not throw much light on "The Huguenot," or the "Vale of Rest," or even that exquisite embodiment of ideal beauty, the young man with the ulster. But hundreds of readers will delight in the passage about the buns, and will only regret that Sir EVERETT did not go on to say whether he ever buttered them. "Fifty years ago," said the great painter with a simplicity some might describe as bald, "fifty years ago my parents brought me over from Jersey, 'took me to Southampton, and then took a place on the 'top of a mail-coach for London.' There is no mock modesty in this frank avowal. A late eminent Scotchman, who died as all his countrymen wish to die, that is to say wealthy, was fond of narrating how he and his brother toddled into Edinburgh for the first time as little boys without shoes or stockings. When this story was repeated in the presence of the other person, he always recognized his brother's right to tell it in that way, but saved his own conscience with the comment 'the fac' 'bein' that we cam' into the town in a flee.' Sir JOHN MILLAIS is above this rather crude form of artistic contrast. He gives us the coach, the whole coach, and nothing but the coach, except the recollection that the coachmen as they passed the railway "made some derisive remarks about this 'new-fangled method of locomotion.'" When the future Royal Academician drew near London he "observed a 'great red glow in the sky, which was new to him,' and he took what in the circumstances was the very proper course, of asking his mamma. His mamma told him that those were the lights of London, and so they were. Next day his papa took him to the Horse Guards, 'and there he saw the 'giant horsemen on either side of the gateway,' and there they are still, God bless them. Mr. RUSKIN must look to his laurels. *Præterita* is running a little long, and *Dilecta* threatens to eat up the patience which *Præterita* has left. For plain, direct statement, without paradoxical subtlety or rhetorical artifice, commend us to Sir EVERETT MILLAIS. The public is getting tired of the lurid style, so that after the excursion trains "carrying damned souls over the ridges 'of their own graves,' it is refreshing to think of little JACK MILLAIS and his father and his mother and the coachman and the lights of London.

After seeing the Horse Guards and taking, as we may conjecturally add, the correct time, Master MILLAIS went to see the President of the Royal Academy. This was Sir MARTIN ARCHER SHEE. Mrs. MILLAIS and her son "were 'ushered into an anteroom, and had to wait some time for 'the great man.'" When Sir MARTIN heard that the lady wished JOHNNY to be an artist, he said, "Madam, you had 'better bring the boy up to be a chimney-sweeper." A certain likeness of Mr. GLADSTONE, which caused even Tories to remark that he really was not so black as he had been painted, was attributed by an unmannerly critic to a member of the respectable calling to which Sir MARTIN SHEE so disrespectfully alluded. But Sir MARTIN was only talking the cant of professional success, after the fashion of the Chancery judge who, as Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, thus addressed a batch of newly-admitted barristers-at-law:—"Gentlemen, I cannot congratulate you on the profession which you have chosen. It is one in which very few 'succeed, and most of those who succeed wish they had 'failed.'" When Sir MARTIN saw JOHN MILLAIS's drawings, he changed his mind as suddenly as the people of Melita, though with more reason, and said, not that the young artist was a god, but that he would do. All this is very instructive and encouraging to the art students of Sheffield, whose smoke-encircled mediocrity can console itself with the reflection that a lad of rare and splendid genius who has the good fortune to be brought up in Jersey may achieve

marvellous success as a painter in London. Mr. STUART-WORTLEY contributed to the biography of his father-in-law the curious fact that at the early age of nine JOHN MILLAIS showed his sportsmanlike instincts by asking permission to fish in the Serpentine. The connexion between sport and art would take us far. And Mr. STUART-WORTLEY would hardly deny that a keen sportsman may be a bad painter. It may be a proof of eccentricity on our part, but, fascinating as all these personal details undoubtedly are, we confess to preferring Sir JOHN MILLAIS's generous and appreciative remarks on the merits of his own contemporaries. Most of those whom Sir JOHN specified stand in no need of commendation, even from him. But the power of detecting excellence wherever it may exist is a much more valuable gift to a critic than mere capacity for finding fault. Sir JOHN MILLAIS is too mundane and materialist a craftsman for some hyper-refined and super-sensitive souls. But at least it must be acknowledged that no one is more ready to admire other people's good work than that most kindly and popular of artists and men.

THE POLICE AND THE ROUGH.

POLICEMEN, like Wisdom, cry out in the streets, and no man regards them, or at least very few men. Mr. WATTS RUSSELL, of the New University Club, told in Thursday's *Standard* a disagreeable story. Two men and a woman assaulted a constable at Hammersmith. The constable called for help in the QUEEN's name. A crowd of able-bodied men stood by laughing, and offered no assistance. Mr. RUSSELL's son, a young Volunteer, with two other boys, his friends, came to the rescue, and saved, in the constable's opinion, the constable's life. The two men and the woman have been sentenced to what seems the very inadequate penalty of three months' imprisonment with hard labour. "An Old Bailey story," Mr. CARLYLE might have said, "which only wants forgetting." But it is, as Mr. RUSSELL says, a bad sign when bystanders sympathize with assaults upon the police. Ruffians in London there will always be; and, if they increase in number, the police force must be increased to cope with them. But it is a much more difficult matter to deal with anything like general disaffection to the law. The men who refused to help the policeman when he called upon them are guilty of a legal offence, but one which, for obvious reasons, is rarely, if ever, punished. Perhaps an example might, if circumstances should another time seem more favourable, be advantageously made. A certain apathy on the part of the London loafer, a disposition to think that the police must take care of themselves, and that it is quite virtuous enough to refrain from attacking them, these things are not new. But there used to be a sense of fair play even in the least respectable class of Englishmen, and it is the decay of that which seems to us the worst symptom of the disease. This unfortunate constable was not engaged in single conflict. Two men and a woman were at him together, and women of a certain class are by no means non-combatants, as FIELDING remembered when he described the famous Homeric battle in *Tom Jones*. When a thief was taken into custody for highway robbery the other day, there were several rushes for the purpose of rescuing him. This active and practical sympathy with violence is a serious thing. We do not believe that it will spread. Decent folk, with the slightest grain of common sense, always perceive, when they come to think of it, that the police are on their side, and that, if the police are not supported, nobody's life or property will be safe. In the meantime, it is a grave question whether London can be properly protected with the present force of Metropolitan Police.

THE DEBATE ON THE CRIMES BILL.

TO discuss a legislative measure to exhaustion, and beyond it, is a Parliamentary manoeuvre which often, if not usually, throws most of the odium of iteration upon the supporters of the Bill. Sound arguments being limited, and groundless objections practically unlimited, in number, the attacking party ought to find it easy enough to give an air of the greater novelty to their speeches, and they often succeed in doing so. It argues therefore no little barrenness of invention on the part of the Gladstonian-Parnellite Opposition, and

proportional fertility of argumentative resource on that of the Ministerial and Ministerialist speakers, that the situation has in the case of the Crimes Bill been reversed. The record of last Tuesday's renewal of the adjourned debate is singularly favourable to the Government and unfavourable to the Opposition, even though two ex-Ministers, in the persons of Mr. CHILDERS and Mr. STANSFELD, took part in the discussion. It is true that the late Home Secretary has never been a very effective debater, and that having, to do him justice, an old-fashioned respect altogether lacking to some of his colleagues on the front bench for the proprieties of controversy, he did not feel himself at liberty to freshen up his discourse with impertinences in either sense of the word. But, with every allowance for his difficulties, we must still hold that a politician of his repute and experience was bound to have produced something less flat and feeble than his reply to the weighty and well-reasoned speech of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND.

The speech of the evening, however, and indeed we may say of the Parliamentary week, has been that of the HOME SECRETARY, which was not only argumentatively most effective, but, what at this stage of the discussion is still more remarkable, full of animation and "go." It would be impossible, within our limits, to enumerate the points in a speech which literally bristled with them, and we must content ourselves with indicating one or two of the passages in which the HOME SECRETARY put the case of the Government with new force and incisiveness. Especially successful in this respect was his treatment of the break-down of the jury system. No speaker before him has so aptly retorted their own argument upon the assailants of the jury clauses of the Bill, or has so dexterously shown that their very complaints as to the alleged abuses of existing procedure in reality serve to reinforce the contention of the Government with respect to this provision of the Bill. The so-called practice of jury-packing, or what would be better described as the "right of Crown challenge"—as old as the right of jury-trial itself—amounts in its exercise, as he says, to this—that "more than one half of every jury panel have to be set aside by the Crown as persons who cannot be trusted to give an unbiased verdict"; while the remainder are denounced by the Parnellites as "Castle hacks," men "ready to imbrue their hands in innocent blood." That is how the panel is made up, "one half distrusted by the Crown, the other half execrated by the friends of the traversers." It would be difficult to put the case in a neater fashion than this; and nothing could more clearly show the hollowness of the outcry against the jury clauses of the Bill than the fact that it is raised and re-echoed by men who know perfectly well that if jury-trial is maintained in Ireland under present conditions the Crown prosecutors will be bound in the simple discharge of their duty to take care that jurors are selected from the second, and not from the first, of the two above divisions of the panel. They know, in other words, that prisoners in Ireland will, under the existing system, continue to be tried by men whom they denounce as "Castle hacks," yet at the same time they protest passionately against such prisoners being brought before juries among whom any one answering to the description of a "Castle hack" is most unlikely to be found. Is it possible that the "foreign garb and foreign aspect" argument comes in here again, and that the Irish patriot would prefer being found guilty in a good Cork or Kerry brogue to hearing the words of acquittal pronounced in the hated intonation of the Saxon? There seems no other way of accounting for the sudden affection which has sprung up among the Gladstonians and Parnellites for those Irish juries before whom it has again and again been declared by the latter body (with the approval in one instance of so prominent a member of the former body as Mr. HENRY FOWLER) it is impossible for an Irish Nationalist to obtain a fair trial. Mr. MATTHEWS was, again, very effective in his criticism of Mr. MORLEY's and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's palliation of agrarian outrage. The "moral wrongs without a legal remedy" which, according to the former politician, are at the bottom of these outrages consist simply, as Mr. MATTHEWS says, in the fact that some landlords in Ireland insist upon the fulfilment of contracts that have been imposed upon them by the State under the Land Act of 1881. As to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's unscrupulous adoption of a soldier's un instructed estimate of Irish law, it is enough to say that, if Sir REDVERS BULLER were right, instead of perversely and ludicrously wrong, in his opinion that that law is in favour of the rich and against the poor, it would convict Sir

WILLIAM HARCOURT and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's chief of being either the authors of a diabolical conspiracy against the Irish tenant-farmers or the most contemptible bunglers that ever made a mess of legislation.

The signs of intellectual exhaustion were even more conspicuous on the Opposition side in Thursday's debate. Sir LYON PLAYFAIR is a typically dull speaker; but he has usually been supposed to be fairly adept in that species of Parliamentary warfare which consists in flinging columns of figures at one's political adversaries. On this occasion, however, he used his missiles in a very maladroit fashion. What sort of use is there in quoting statistics of Irish crime in general to prove that a Crimes Bill is not necessary when the authors of the measure have started from the very admission that the statistics of Irish crime in general are most satisfactory? If general crime in Ireland is at a minimum, instead of, as on some other occasions of introducing Crimes Bills, at a maximum, that is merely to say that the class of offences against which such legislation is not, and never has been, directed does not require it to be directed against them. If the law against thefts by letter-carriers (to use an illustration which may commend itself to a whilom Postmaster-General) was alleged to require strengthening, would Sir LYON PLAYFAIR think it relevant to point out that murders, burglaries, robberies from the person, and other offences composing the category of general crime "were at a minimum"? As to his argument that the English Legislature is incapacitated by ignorance from legislating successfully for Ireland, it is one which presents its weak points in such embarrassing quantity that it is difficult to choose among them. It is, to begin with, a very strange argument to use in a debate on a Crimes Bill, though it may serve its turn at the discussion of the Land Bill, which Sir LYON PLAYFAIR irregularly endeavoured to anticipate. But its most fatal defect, at least in the mouth of a Separatist, is that it exposes the insincerity of the pretence of reserving to the Imperial Parliament—that is to say, the ignorant and incapable body—a power of revising and reversing the legislation of a well-informed and capable Legislature sitting at Dublin. The other points, such as they were, in Sir LYON PLAYFAIR's speech were very completely disposed of by Mr. RITCHIE. But the question has now not only been thoroughly threshed out, but every grain has been garnered, and nothing but the chaff remains.

THE CONFERENCE OF ELEMENTARY TEACHERS.

WHETHER holidays are best spent in talking shop is a question which might be debated at great length, with small and dubious results. Instructors of youth in our public schools and Universities have such frequent and abundant intervals of leisure that they may be pardoned for not always knowing what to do with their time. The elementary teachers who have been meeting at Portsmouth this week are less lavishly furnished with opportunities for strengthening their bodies and weakening their minds. Some people are fond of taking their pleasure, not sadly, but gregariously. The four hundred "delegates" and the indefinite number of "individual members" who made up the Portsmouth Conference this week found time to enjoy themselves in an agreeable neighbourhood, and to discuss various subjects of professional interest in a manner which more illustrious assemblies might imitate with advantage. The address of the President, Mr. GEORGE GIRLING, dwelt on the familiar theme of England's inferiority to foreign countries in the organization of technical training. Mr. GIRLING is quite right in stating that this is a "serious matter" for all patriotic Englishmen to ponder over. Whether, as he added, it concerns "the elementary teachers of the country" is more open to doubt. Mr. GIRLING himself, in a subsequent part of his remarks, expressed an opinion that handicrafts ought not to be taught in elementary schools, and it is a little difficult to see what elementary teachers as such have to do with things which ought not to be taught in elementary schools. One point it would be well that Mr. GIRLING and his colleagues should bear in mind, and that is the use of pure and simple English. We do not quite like to find the head-master of a Board school, as Mr. GIRLING is, saying, "The struggle that is everywhere taking place for commercial supremacy has accentuated the matter" of technical education. If the reporter of the *Times* has transposed the phrases "for commercial supremacy" and "that is everywhere taking place," or

has introduced the word "accentuate," we apologize to Mr. GIRLING. Otherwise we must ask him to remember where such excesses will lead him, and to bear in mind, as an awful warning, the sentence once published in a newspaper about the Shah of PERSIA. "HIS MAJESTY," so ran this specimen of journalism, "in order to accentuate his 'confraternity with modern civilization, has resolved 'to raise a loan.' Many of Mr. GIRLING's suggestions were both valuable and practical. 'It ought never,' as he forcibly puts it, 'to be necessary to import our draughts—' men from France and our linguists from Germany.'" The teaching of modern languages is sadly neglected. Next to the French, we enjoy the distinction of being the worst linguists in the world. We have, however, in some respects made up for this deficiency by establishing our own race and tongue in every quarter of the world.

On the second day of the Conference the inevitable Minister of Education made his appearance. We do not mean that Lord CRANBROOK or Sir WILLIAM HART-DYKE walked into the Protestant Hall in the flesh, but that Mr. SALMON, headmaster of the Board School, Belvedere Place, Borough Road, London, read a paper on "The Appointment of a Minister of Education." Mr. SALMON rejects with scorn the theory that there is a Minister of Education already. Yet this view is held by many, so various are men's opinions even on common things. An opponent, indeed, might almost address Mr. SALMON in something like the classic words of Mr. PITT to Mr. DUNDAS:—"Not see 'the Speaker, HARRY? I see two." There is the Lord President of the Council, who administers the patronage, and there is the Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, who does the work. Heaven forbid that we should defend the title of the latter functionary! It is nearly as bad as University College School—perhaps the most foolish of existing appellations. We should not ourselves willingly undertake the task of explaining to a foreign student of our glorious Constitution why the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster is the man to be hanged when cows die of anthrax. But Mr. SALMON is, or ought to be, a philosopher. He must know perfectly that, if Sir WILLIAM HART-DYKE were called Minister of Education tomorrow, he would be neither more nor less efficient than he is now. Mr. SALMON invokes the great authority of Mr. MUNDELLA, who said:—"I know what it is to be Vice-President of the Council, and sit outside the Cabinet. I know what it is to be a Minister, and sit inside." Mr. MUNDELLA knows most things, and he will always be able to say that he sat in the Cabinet for five months in the year 1886. He was Vice-President for five years, and his conduct in that office was so vigorously discussed by the Conference that the Closure had to be applied, in order that the members might be able to talk about something besides the character of a great and good man. Everybody knows the remark of Mr. DISRAELI when an indignant representative of commerce in the House of Commons was complaining that the President of the Board of Trade had no seat in the Cabinet. Mr. MUNDELLA in the Cabinet was Mr. MUNDELLA still, with all his Machiavellian subtlety and all his statesman-like reserve. We must confess that we do not quite see what elementary teachers, except as ordinary subjects of the QUEEN, have to do with the composition of the Cabinet or the designations of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers. *Cur quis non prandeat hoc est?* Does any pupil in a National School fail to pass the required standard because the Vice-President, &c., is not allowed to see the despatches from the representatives of this country at foreign Courts? Did Lord ROSEBURY always consult Mr. MUNDELLA? The Conference was better employed in debating the system of payment by results, which was unanimously denounced as "encouraging the use of unscientific and mechanical methods of teaching." It has also the effect of keeping teachers up to the mark.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S political tour in Scotland would be a notable event apart from any contributions made to its interest by his own speeches. There was a natural curiosity to see what reception would be given in the last stronghold of Gladstonolatry to the man who has done more perhaps than any other in England to shatter the altars and to discredit the cult of the deity. On the whole, that reception has been gratifying to begin with;

though one incident at the Ayr meeting has proved, to our great regret, that it is possible nowadays for a man to utter cries of murderous import in a mixed British crowd without the risk which he would undoubtedly have run in our fathers' time of prompt immersion in the nearest horsepond. The other interruptions to which the speaker was subjected were, like most interruptions, foolish and irrelevant, but otherwise harmless enough; and on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, as on all men with anything of the stuff of the give-and-take debater in them, they seemed to have exercised a tonic and inspiriting effect. The member for West Birmingham has always been wont to speak his whole mind—a characteristic for which we cordially acknowledge our respect—and he showed even less disposition than usual to mince his words the other night. So much so, indeed, or rather perhaps so little so, that an estranged friend has since pathetically observed "that his method of opening the case can only widen 'the breach between the Liberal party and himself'; which, considering that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN began the operation by vigorously and most justly denouncing the majority of that party as 'the allies with men whose hands are stained with 'outrage,' cannot be objected to as an over-statement of the case.

To this aspect of the matter, however, to the grave question of the complicity of the Liberal leaders with the party of crime in Ireland, we refer elsewhere. Here we would rather notice the admirable clearness and force with which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has driven home the point—a highly important one, as affecting the character and credit of the Gladstonians—that their alliance with Mr. PARNELL and his party has amounted to a complete concert of aim and method, ever since their common electoral defeat. It is very desirable to get it thoroughly understood by the public that Mr. GLADSTONE has not suddenly descended from Hawarden to find disorder rife in Ireland, and has then had to choose between the ungrateful task of assisting a Conservative Government to do their duty and strengthen their position, and the, even for him, uncomfortable position of an openly ally of the men by whom this disorder has been brought about, and their coadjutor in the work of resisting its suppression. That would be to give a thoroughly false idea of the way in which the present situation has come into existence. Its genesis dates, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN points out, from the very morrow of the electoral defeat sustained last year by the GLADSTONE-PARNELL combination. It is beyond all question, in any reasonable mind, that if the partners in that combination had chosen, the Irish policy for which the country had declared might have been applied under perfectly peaceful and favourable conditions by the new Government. But, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says, it did not suit the Parnellites and their American paymasters that there should be peace in Ireland; and we may add (though here the speaker spared his revered leader) that neither did it suit Mr. GLADSTONE himself. The whole history of subsequent events affords the clearest indication of the perfect unity which subsisted between the English and Irish branches of the party in respect of strategical plan. Mr. GLADSTONE threw out a hint, not on his own authority—oh dear no! on the authority of much better informed persons than himself—that a certain proportion of the Irish tenantry would find a difficulty during the winter in paying the judicial rents. Then it was Mr. PARNELL's turn; and in a few days Mr. PARNELL was able to inform Parliament that the apprehended difficulty was so real, and would be so serious, as to necessitate the immediate introduction of a Tenants' Relief Bill. In came the Relief Bill accordingly—a measure carefully so framed as to be at once impossible of acceptance by any just or even business-like Legislature, and yet capable of support, without inconsistency, by a legislator of the type and antecedents of Mr. GLADSTONE. Of course it was rejected, as the Separatist party, English and Irish, anticipated, and indeed hoped; and its rejection, of course, prepared the way for the agitation of the autumn. The Parnellites had then nothing to do but to start their so-called Plan of Campaign, and, favoured by what we have never ceased to regard as culpable inaction on the part of the Government, to push it forward with the industrious audacity which they displayed during the winter months. Then, when Parliament met this year, with anarchy established over one-third of Ireland, the two parties to the conspiracy of course exclaimed, in chorus, that the Irish disorder, thus laboriously manufactured, was a natural growth of that distress among the tenantry which Mr.

PARNELL's Bill would have alleviated, and for which Parliament, by rejecting that Bill, had made itself virtually responsible. It is very needful, we say, to impress upon the public that Mr. GLADSTONE has not merely, after the casual fashion of Mr. WEMMICK, found disorder existing in Ireland, but that he has been "art and part" in its creation; that he has stood by for four or five months knowing that it would—and intending that it should—be created; and that, in stepping in as he is doing now to screen Irish outrage-mongers, and to make it still remain possible for women in labour to be denied a midwife and for fathers to be compelled to dig the graves of their children, he adds to his *ex post facto* complicity in this act of wickedness the still deeper guilt of an accessory before the fact. He not only defends these things after the doing of them, but he was willing that they should be done in order that the object common to himself and his Irish allies of proving the government of Ireland by England "an impossibility" might the more speedily (for he is old, and cannot tolerate the slowness of bloodless methods) be realized.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, in his trenchant speech at Birmingham, did equal justice to another aspect of Mr. GLADSTONE's tactics—we mean their Parliamentary side. His deliberate participation in this conspiracy against order in Ireland is not more conspicuous, and, in so far as the reach of dangerous possibilities is concerned, is not more dangerous, than his equally deliberate participation in the conspiracy against order in the House of Commons. He has, as Lord RANDOLPH says, "deliberately permitted and 'encouraged movements of various kinds, by individuals 'and by factions, which have for their object the weakening 'of the authority of the SPEAKER'; and, when protest against the most disgraceful of these 'individual' movements is known to be impending in the House of Commons, Mr. GLADSTONE gives significant indication of his sentiments by studiously absenting himself from his place on the front Opposition bench. That Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—whom it is quite possible we shall live to see 'suspended 'from the service of the House'—should have followed the example of his leader in this respect is natural and of small importance. It is Mr. GLADSTONE's Parliamentary conduct which is the matter of chief concern; and here, again, it is well that an incurious public should be brought to perceive its exquisite adaptation to the ends of his Irish policy. The two branches of his tactics are made to support each other in an admirably effective fashion. 'With one hand, as it 'were,' to quote Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's apt description, 'he adds fuel to the flame in Ireland by his 'attitude to the National League, and with the other 'hand, by his attitude in Parliament he endeavours to 'cut off the water supply necessary to extinguish the 'conflagration. A more perfect picture of a political incendiary the mind cannot possibly conceive.' And let it be always remembered—let every elector who voted Unionist last year remember—that the reason why Mr. GLADSTONE is thus playing the part of an incendiary is simply because he has been forbidden to play the part of a disintegrator. He has helped to set fire to one of the three kingdoms because he has been denied the liberty of repealing the Union between them. He is doing his best to destroy the Imperial Parliament of the United Kingdom because the country has declared that he shall not be allowed to set up a rival Legislature in Ireland. And this is the statesman who has preached submission to the 'will of the 'people' more loudly and insistently than any other statesman of his time, and has gone further than any of them in his uncompromising assertion and advocacy of the democratic principle!

ELIZA SWANN; HER BOOK.

BY what lucky accident this book has been preserved, and how it ever got into the second-hand book-stall, instead of being sent back to the paper-mill, are questions which need not be raised, because there is no reply possible. Generally the first thing to be thrown away after death is the whole collection of private diaries, account-books, and note-books of the deceased. Very few persons, indeed, take the trouble to preserve these documents in their own lifetime, so careless are they of their own history. Now and then, when a well-known man has cast his notes into the form of Memoirs, they are preserved; but for the most part the diaries, even of the most illustrious personages, are destroyed after decease. How, then, would it be likely to fare with the poor little note-book of a humble working woman? And yet if all these things,

great and small, could only be kept, how great would be their value when two or three generations had passed away, as illustrating the things which historians and contemporary essayists think it beneath their dignity to notice? Thus, *Eliza Swann: Her Book*, is a very little book indeed, bound in common yellow skin, tied round with a faded red tape, mean to look upon; and it contains no more than a hundred pages, not nearly filled up, including a quantity of entries out of which nothing of the least interest or importance can be extracted. Yet, for one or two things in it, the book is valuable, and one wishes there were more like unto it. But, indeed, a working woman's diary of a hundred years ago is a rare thing, indeed. The entries, as may be expected, are fragmentary; the events recorded are not always startling—for instance, "Feb. 15, 1798. I cutt my Thum"—and they are recorded after a phonetic method of spelling, invented by Eliza herself, which is sometimes puzzling. Thus one clearly understands what is meant by "sweetart" and "det"; but it requires some consideration before one is certain what is meant by "this dewick" and "Shropchuday." Curiously enough the writer seems to have had a prescience that she was writing for posterity—perhaps she saw, dimly foreshadowed, this Journal—because she begins with an apology for bad spelling:—

My Pen his blunt:
My Pen his blind and cannot see:
So Blame the Pen and not Blame Me.

A fragment—happily, a large fragment—of Eliza Swann's life may be made out by piecing together the small facts entered in this book. She did not follow the customary order of the pages, but wrote each entry just where the book happened to open, which would have been fatal to everything, but for the fact that, unlike any other woman, gentle or simple, before herself or after, she always put a date. We thus learn that she flourished, and made use of this book, between the years 1797 and 1821. She was born in or near Kidderminster; she was a working woman, and she had a loom, but it is not stated what she made, though we learn that a certain Mr. Lea—name and calling doubtless discoverable in the Kidderminster registers—bought her work, and that the demand was not always equal to the supply. She was for some years in a steady and flourishing way. In the year 1807, for instance, we find her giving a dinner party. Seven sat down to this banquet, which consisted of "a Trust Leg of Mutton, eight pounds of Plum Pudden, Apple Pudden, Turnips, Pickall Cabbettes, and Ceapher Sauce"; a dinner fit for a king! She had prentices bound to her, and she paid journey-workwomen. She sued one Susanna Shard for leaving her without warning. She paid Phoebe Ayres eight shillings for a velvet bonnet, and she laid out twenty-eight shillings in "seven yards of bumberaset for a gown and one yard of calico for a lighning." This looks like good business. She got a warrant against one Mary Timins for debt, and bound over one William Potter to pay her 4*l.* within three weeks; she was always paying money for grinding scissors, temples (the word is not explained by Webster), and pickers. There are other signs of prosperity from internal evidence. Thus, she copies out the words of songs which please her; they are songs which are sung by people of her class when they are drinking together, and they mean social life and therefore money to spend; she enters the deaths of friends and neighbours, and copies out epitaphs. This shows that she had time to think of other things besides work and pay. People who are anxious about their daily bread do not copy epitaphs in note-books. Here is one, for instance. It may be read in many churchyards; among others in the churchyard of old Chingford Church:—

This world's a city full of crooked streets,
And Death the Market Place where each one meets.
If life was merchandise that men could buy,
The rich would always live, the poor must die.

She was a person of religious character, and, like many country people of the present day, she went to church in the morning and to chapel in the evening. Thus we find the "tex" given of the discourse in Kidderminster Church on a certain Easter Sunday morning, and that of "meetin-house" in the evening. There are also many religious ejaculations, rhymes, and tags, with references to Death and the Future Life, which establish her piety on a sound basis. Her superstitions, also, leave nothing to be desired. As there is no hint of husband, lover, or children, we may infer that Eliza was a single woman. Among the biographical notes is one of a very alarming incident in her life. It was on the 14th of June, 1812. One feels that Eliza was indiscreet, to say the least, in trusting herself to the company of a perfect stranger:—

I came from Spurdies—Swan Inn. I met a Dark complexion Man. He prest upon me for my company. Coming the same way he robbed me and he wished to ruin me but Godamercy. I was not able to go after my loss till 16th of July. They knowed nothing of it. They promised to find it if they could. I was under the Doctor's hands till August the first. I had five bottles of metson: half-pint and quarter of a pint of Ambroccation to nint my head. I went after my loss and by the magistrate's order gave him three weeks to pay it me. His wife went to blind the Bayliff a week before the time. I went to the Bayliff. I found what was the matter. I took my witness with me to convince the Bayliff of what his wife had said. . . . we brought him to pay me half a guinea. Benjamin Higge a Cowl Heaver at Cookley Forge. The moon was but just five days hold when he took it. The loss was my umbrella. Boycott, Bayliff.

Another trouble in which she also came off victorious occurred through the thoughtlessness—let us hope it was no worse—of Mr. Hewitt, who fired off a gun "near the Bilding of the House and blowed three panes of glass in one window and one in another.

He mended it Munday 4th of January. He done it on the 2nd. He gave me half-a-crown to pay the loss of time in the work. He had two shillings to pay for cutting the selvige through with the glass of the window."

After the year 1815 a change comes over the spirit of the entries. To begin with, we get no more copies of songs or notices of passing events; the notes are short and full of trouble. Eliza had fallen upon evil times. The piping days of war were over, and the day of reckoning and peace had arrived, with universal stagnation. In the year 1817 we get the significant entry, "Got work September the 5th. Borrowed ten shillings." In the next year there occurs the following:—"May 9th, 1818. Set out to Bawdley, to Miss Jane Williams. She gave me two shillings and sixpence." But worse is to follow. The introduction of the third person instead of the first indicates despair and bewilderment. What had she done to deserve this misfortune?

Mr. James Silk next to Bore head [the Boar's Head?] in Wooster Street, Kidderminster, put Eliz. Swann in the Black Hole for a small debt of seven shillings and ninepence on August the 12th, 1819. She was not able to pay it. She had no work nor food at the time of taken her. It was on a Thursday night near 7 o'clock. There she was till Saturday night near 12 o'clock, fifty-two hours and a half in prison till her cousin Phoebe Cook pay 24 shillings and 7 p. to have her out. She payed 9*s.* and 2*d.* more than what was his demands. But he returned 9*s.* and 2*d.* to Phoebe Cook on Wednesday Aug. 18 1819.

This must have been about the worst time in her life, for a month later we find her writing, "Sep. 12th, 1819. Mr. Abel has gave me sixpence to buy a loaf of bread. Amen." The ejaculation seems heartfelt and is truly pathetic. Seeing that she was thus reduced to living on the charity of her friends it is reasonable to suppose that her loom had long been sold and her house broken up. But there is one more biographical entry—only one—after this date, and that is of a character to inspire us with a certain hope that fortune changed for the better. Observe that during the bad times there are no entries of dreams, or copies of songs, or anything cheerful. Now in 1821 she records, quite in her old form, a remarkable dream and its fulfilment. This fact, to one who has read the book carefully, is a sure indication of better luck.

It is rather remarkable that such a woman should have kept a journal at all, even in so fragmentary a manner; it is still more remarkable that the journal should have survived the destruction of its contemporaries; and it is fortunate that the journal contains something more than the autobiography of a weaver in the shape of certain current superstitions and folk-lore of the day, of which we have gathered the following specimens.

She cuts her finger with a "temple"—the mysterious instrument connected with the loom. This accident gives her occasion to procure and to write down for future use a sovereign charm to stay the bleeding. There is, apparently, something wrong with the third line:—

Christ was born in Bethlehem
And was christened in the River Jordan.
The water stood and say, "Command this blood."
In the name of the Father, "Stay, Blood."
In the name of the Son, "Stay, Blood."
In the name of the Holy Ghost, "Stay, Blood."

Every time the word "blood" is mentioned, you must mention the Person's name.

Again; if, she says, the bottom of a half-pint measure falls out and a quarter of a pint of ale is shed, it is a sign of sudden death in the family. If so, this is one of the most remarkable portents ever vouchsafed to humanity. A similar accident once befel herself. "After receiving a glass of Ale from a young man and the glass being sound, and after taking up the glass to drink out of it, the Bottom fell from the glass to the ground and left the other part in my hand." Apparently nothing happened afterwards to bear out her "sign," or to show why this miracle was performed. The following is a kind of calendar, not quite correct, for the year:—

Christmas Day is on the 24th of December, and that dewick is New Year Day, and that dewick after is Old Christmas Day, and that dewick after is old New Year Day. Shropchuday upon the 5th of February, Valentine Day upon the 14th of February. Middle Lent Sunday is on the 4th of March. Aster Sunday is on the 23rd of March. Fair is on the 17th of March, Monday before Aster. Fair on the 2nd of May, Holy Thursday nine days before Whitsuntide. Whitsuntide is on the 12th of May.

She dreams many remarkable things, some of which come true. Thus:—

I dreamed that I was ill with a bad cough [here follow medical details]. A strong man came to the door upon a nut-brown horse, and he alighted at the door and came in to our house, and gave me some bread and meat to eat, and I was better. The morrow being Thursday about dinner time came a woman about the size of the man that I dreamed of. She had a box tied up in a handkerchief with packets of snuff at a shilling a packet. She had dark brown hair and her name was Mrs. Hankow from London. She left me a present of two shillings with two packets of snuff accidentally; and that was my dream.

On Wednesday the 16th the moon being now eight days old I dreamed that — [name illegible] was taking a cake out of the oven by stealth to give me but I would not have it because her brother made the dough. But it proved contrary for she brought me on Friday the 12th three pigs' puddings to my house herself, but they were taken out of the furnace by stealth.

I dreamt that I stood at the wedding gates of Kidderminster Church. Looking down I saw eight boys bringing as I thought a Corpse but no Nell went for it and no mourners and the boys seem raget. I see the clerk at the Little Gate. I asked him if he was going to bury without a bell. He answered it was no object as he was to be put under ground for it would do no good. These words hurt my feelings. This dream came out on the same day at dinner time being Tuesday. A man came to my

house and offered me a ring as he had brought from over sea for his sister and he found she was dead. His distress was so great, he had sold all he had but that, and he let me have it for a Thriftful.

Here are two more mysterious signs and indications of the future:—

Dream of moken intercessions with Persons but could not comply shows you will do the favour.

Dream that one puts a ring on your finger and looks fine, and not left on and not taken off shows the person may have their desire accomplished.

Among the songs which Eliza copied into her book is one called "Lilies of the Valley," which we do not remember to have seen before. It is not so good as the other better-known song of Sally, but it is not quite without merit:—

O'er barren hills and flowery dale,
O'er seas and distant shores,
With merry song and jocund tale,
I've passed some pleasant hours.
Tho' wandering thus I ne'er could find
A girl like blithesome Sally,
Who picks and culls and cries aloud
Sweet Lilies of the Valley.
From whistling o'er the hallowed turf,
From nesting of each tree,
I chose a soldier's life to wed,
So social, gay, and free.
Yet, though the lasses love us well,
And often try to rally,
None pleases me like her who sings
Sweet Lilies of the Valley.
I'm now returned, of late discharged,
To use my native toil,
From fighting my country's foes
To plough my country's soil.
I care not who with either please
So I possess my Sally;
That is the merry nymph who cries
Sweet Lilies of the Valley.

There are remedies and recipes for medicine, of which one or two specimens will be sufficient. The first is a cure for a tertian ague. You are to take 40 grains of snake-root powder, as many of salt wormwood, and half an ounce of Jesuit's bark, which are to be mixed with a pint and a half of port wine. After this is taken the ague will vanish. The next, which is a cure for a sick headache, is more complicated. The afflicted person is to take a table-spoonful of magnesia and half a table-spoonful of ginger, mixed with a lump of sugar in a tumbler three parts full of water. He is then to sit with his feet in water agreeably warm for a quarter of an hour, while he applies a napkin wrung out of cold water to his temples. Deafness may be cured by dropping oil of "ormons" into the ear at night.

The brief record of a death and of the funeral rites customary in Kidderminster may fitly close these extracts. What was the "herring" club? and how did they "cry home"?

William Broomsfield had his Thumb and finger cut off. It was hurt of his own wagon. He died on May the 15th, and was buried on the 19th at Wolverly Church. The herring club followed. The Band played him up the Church. They strewed leaves and flowers on the coffin when the Parson had done, when the corps was in the grave, and some of the club wen cryed home.

ON THE FENCE OR IN THE GUTTER?

IT would be a very odd thing that Sir George Trevelyan, of all people, should not know history; and yet it certainly seems, from the singular series of vacillations in which he has been indulging on the subject of Home Rule, that, if he knows it, he has studied it to very little purpose. There is fame and reward of all kinds for the politician who goes fearlessly and steadily right. For the politician who goes fearlessly and steadily wrong there is, at any rate, hope of repentance, and the chance of a certain kind of admiration now and then from very charitable or very catholic-minded or very wrong-headed and paradoxical people. But for the everlasting wobbler, for the man who is ever ready to halt between two opinions, there is very little good indeed in store here or anywhere. To this hapless and hopeless class Sir George appears to be rapidly approximating, even if he has not irrevocably joined himself unto it. Some weeks ago, it will be remembered, he had a terrible fit of the wobbles; and in some imperfectly reported, or falsely reported, words at a private dinner, seemed to have quitted Unionism for ever. Then, after a few days, he went down to Liskeard, appeared as a Unionist, with Mr. Courtney as caution and compurgator, made the most unexceptionable professions of faith, and was received back again into the fold with a quite sincere determination on the fold's part to behave handsomely and say no more about it. Alas! the fate of the relapsed seems to have had a horrible attraction for Sir George. The good people of Aberdeen, it seems, had a desire (as, if we remember rightly, they had before the original attack of heresy) to hear some argument from Sir George on the Unionist side, and they wrote to ask him to name the day. He replied with the singular epistle which was printed in the Scotch papers on Wednesday, in the English not, we think, till the day after. From this, it seems, Sir George is once more shaky—very shaky indeed—in the Unionist faith. "The policy at which he has arrived and aims [do you generally arrive at the target before you aim at it?] is to make good points on which we objected to the Bills of last year, and to co-operate with the whole of the Liberal party

in agreeing on a settlement," &c. Further, he has "the greatest possible objections to the proposals of the Government to enact penal clauses which could be used for the suppression of the National League and the National Press." Sir George's Coercion Act, it seems, distinguished between politics and crime, and this Bill does not. Whereupon the good people of Aberdeen very naturally and sensibly thanked Sir George with much politeness for his explanation, and begged he wouldn't trouble himself to come to Aberdeen. For this the *Daily News* scolds them, forgetting, perhaps, or careless of the fact that in the very same article it had positively declared that there is no alternative between Coercion and Home Rule. Sir George objects to Coercion, therefore he does not object to Home Rule. Now the Aberdeen Unionists *qua* Unionists are bound to object to Home Rule. They naturally do not want Sir George, and are still less likely to want him after the more detailed attack on the Bill which he subsequently published.

However, the people of Aberdeen are quite capable of taking care of themselves, and the *Daily News* does not much matter. It is more to the point to suggest to Sir George Trevelyan that it is really a pity that he should behave in this fashion. It will do no harm to Unionism, which can get along very well without him. It will do very little good to Separatism, which, as represented by its valiant and thorough Laboucheres and Conybeares, does not want nineteenth-century Falklands, Halifaxes without the wit and the vigour, who "ingeminate Peace" when they should be making ready their weapons for war, and trim the ship scientifically when the thing to do is to steam as straight and hard at the enemy as helm and boilers can manage. There is just one question before the public now, and that is whether the Government Bills shall pass or not pass. Sir George may, if he likes, range himself with Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Conybeare, and the Clan na Gael. He may range himself with Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and the solid Unionist party. But the ingenious task of discovering a modus which will suit at once the Union and the National League is as futile as the conjugation of irregular verbs during a revolution. It is almost impossible to imagine a sorrier figure than is cut by a politician of some eminence who deliberately declares at such a juncture as the present that he is thinking, not of the welfare of the nation, not of the demands of justice, but of how to get the job for the Liberal party. We have no authority to say so, but we should doubt whether anything that calls itself the Liberal party is very grateful to him. He had really better get off the fence altogether, and climb well down into the Gladstonian gutter, if he can find nothing better to do and say in his elevation than such idle things and idle words as these.

At the same time, it can very well be understood that the descent—the bold and final descent—is not pleasing to Sir George; that, even in his horror lest Dr. Tery should be called in and get the fees instead of Dr. Liberal, he shrinks from the gutter. For what a gutter it is, and what savoury company there is in it! In it there are Sir George's old friends the Irish members who used to boast that, during his tenure of the Secretaryship, they had put him nearly out of his wits (and, indeed, there seems to be some colour for the contention). About it about and swagger and threaten and insinuate, and so forth, the amiable, intelligent, high-minded politicians who pronounce the Irish resident magistrates to be such as the haunters of the billiard-rooms of third-rate clubs. The benediction is pronounced over its mud by such ecclesiastics as Their Graces the Most Reverend the Lord Archbishops of Dublin and Cashel (an Irish Roman Catholic Prelate having no right to any of these titles, either in law or sense, except the bare Bishop or Archbishop, never appears in print without the full string of them). In that gutter Sir George will meet in brotherly fashion the Reverend Page Hopps, who takes half a column in the *Daily News* to explain to the world that Mr. Arthur Balfour is tall, has a small head, parts his hair in the middle, and therefore has no right whatever to be Chief Secretary:—the ideal holder of which office would be, we suppose, the late Mr. Quilp, who was short, had a very large head, and is not recorded by his creator to have parted his hair at all. He will rub shoulders with Sir John Swinburne, a neighbour of his own in Northumberland, and a large landlord, who, if the same periodical does not wrong him, declares that landlords in Ireland, who hold their land exactly by the same right as Sir John holds Capheaton, have no right to more than prairie value for it. He can, as he treads the gutter stones, ask Mr. Osborne Morgan about a certain famous election circular. He can, if he prefers his own meditations to his savoury company, try to reconcile Mr. Justin McCarthy's statement that Mr. Gladstone was eight years ago in favour of the principle of Home Rule with the fact that for five years and more after that Mr. Gladstone went on imprisoning Home Rulers, silencing them in the House of Commons, getting Coercion Bills passed to defeat them, and opposing them by all the forces at the disposal of the Prime Minister of England. He will have the pleasant conclusion that either Mr. Justin McCarthy, one of his gutter-fellows, is a person whom only Mr. Bright is allowed to describe in a single word, or that the great gutter-master himself is something equally difficult to write in plain letters. He may brush elbows with the person who cried "Shoot him!" at the Victoria Hall the other day, and with the person who told Mr. Chamberlain to "look out for himself" a week later at Ayr. He will be introduced, no doubt (if the gutter admits or requires such formalities), to the great Mr. Burns, and may take that statesman's opinion on the best way of dealing with Czars and marquesses. For the Glad-

stonian gutter is plentifully populated, as well as furnished with mud for the population to tread in and to throw at their betters. The curse of solitude at least will not be on Sir George if he falls or drops into it. And yet, in a sense, he certainly may find himself rather solitary there. It is only the more wonderful that he should apparently have a kind of hankering after the place.

For his own sake, however, he had really better make up his mind where and with whom he is going to cast in his lot. If the delights of the gutter so move him, if the policy at which "he has arrived and aims" of getting the job for the Liberal party at all hazards absorbs him so much, if the fact that Lord Salisbury has been imprudent enough to bring in a Bill not in every respect like that which he, Sir George, administered, is final and decisive in his eyes, there is the gutter ready for him with all its denizens and all its delights. The wit of the Reverend Page Hopps and the Reverend Joseph Parker may delight his taste. The benedictions of His Grace the Most Reverend the Lord Archbishop of This or That may soothe his conscience. The accurate history of Mr. Justin McCarthy (who not only knows that Mr. Gladstone favoured Home Rule eight years ago, but that Lord Salisbury "came cap in hand" to the Irish party six years later) may delight Macaulay's nephew. The mild political methodology of Platform No. 14 may fascinate the heir at once of Whig Principles and Philosophic Radicalism. The close society of the Parnellite party of action may please the ex-Irish Secretary, who, after all, knows a good deal about them, and may perhaps have passed from familiarity to love. But if these delights do not move him, then it may be suggested that he had better purge his contempt once more, and having so done, take heed of further pollution. Fortunately for him he is not now a member of Parliament, and if he is really in an inextricable difficulty, has the right of holding his tongue, and waiting till the tyranny is overpast, and the thing decided one way or the other. But a succession of contradictory pronouncements, of declarations, as at Liskeard, that he will never be satisfied with anything but what destroys the whole Gladstonian position, and of informations, as in this Aberdeen letter and the later one, that he is only dying to rejoin the Gladstonians, and even meanwhile is quite ready to oppose the Bill which has been brought in with the full consent of his own party, must be fatal to the reputation of any statesman. His successor at the Border Burghs, the eminent Mr. Brown, has, it seems, discovered that the Bill is "a gentleman's Bill against the working man." This is a sufficiently ingenious and unexpected description. But we can cap it with one as unexpected, and a good deal more accurate. Unless Sir George Trevelyan holds his tongue about it, it may prove to be a Bill for the extinction of the political reputation of Sir George Trevelyan.

ATTACARE.

ONE of the chief employments of an Italian witch is to *attacare* persons. A lover may pay her more for a single charm, but those who want to *attacare* somebody else are her steady customers. The purpose of this spell is to render a person incapable either of all thought, action, and reason, or of using one of his faculties. Thus those who have a lawsuit pay a witch to bind the tongue of an advocate who has to speak against them. This does not mean that he is to be struck dumb—that would frustrate the whole design—but merely that he is to be rendered incapable of speaking effectively or to the point. When a man is entirely bound, he must remain in the position he happens to be in at the moment or assume another at command; he loses all consciousness. After hours he awakes from his trance, and continues the movement he began before it fell upon him. To leave a man in such a condition would obviously be simple murder, and in due time he is always unbound, at least in the popular stories. Whether the charm would in time lose its effect if it were not retracted seems a rather doubtful point. Among the believers in magic opinions differ, and tales might be cited in support of either view.

Some persons are born with a capacity for exercising this occult power, and it is no sin in them to use it; but most of them fortify their natural gift by the use of secret words in which the Devil is invoked as if he were the Almighty, and all witches can learn to exercise this influence to a certain extent. In witchcraft, as in medicine, however, the higher masters generally become specialists, and the old lady who devotes herself to love-charms is apt to be a little impatient if she is asked to show her skill in some other branch of her art in which she perhaps is conscious of being by no means so great an adept.

In the last generation no Neapolitan had so great a natural capacity for, and such acquired skill in, the art of binding as a man who bore the nickname of Lupone. All students of mediæval literature must have noticed the strong distinction which is there made between a magician and a witch. The former by an inborn faculty or deep study commands the spirits, and there is nothing essentially wrong in the exercise of his art, though it implies great temptations, as the possession of exceptional powers always must. The witch, on the other hand, has sold herself to the spirits; she is their servant, not their ruler, and is really doing their work when she gratifies her own wicked propensities and those of others. One is often inclined to suppose that the former belongs essentially to the realm of chivalrous romance, and the latter to that of the

popular ballad and legend. Now, Lupone is an essentially popular figure. He was a Neapolitan fisherman, and his name has probably never been mentioned among the cultivated circles of his fellow-townsmen. Yet his power and the use he made of it seem to have partaken rather of the nature of magic than of that of the black art. To the imagination of the fishermen who talk about him, he appears as a strong, skilful, just, and magnanimous character, not by any means as a man who has said "Evil be thou my good."

It is true that he was by no means a saint; he had a strong habit of self-assertion, and occasionally played rough practical jokes on his associates. He was one of the greatest fishermen of the day, and was prouder of this than of any of his other accomplishments. His advice was usually begged with deference, and his company regarded as an honour as well as an advantage; but once a party set out without inviting him for a rather distant and important fishing excursion. He felt the slight, rowed out after them alone in a small boat, and spoke some words. Their hands fell helplessly on their nets; they could not continue to lay, nor could they draw them. Then he rowed back to Naples, and after a time unloosed them. They never treated him with such disrespect again.

In another tale he appears to greater advantage. Under the Government of the Bourbons the Coastguards, whose only legitimate business with the fishermen was to see that they paid their taxes and did not smuggle, took to plundering them. The younger men of the watch would launch their boat, go to the high seas, and demand the fish that had been caught. If any opposition was attempted, the fishermen were soundly beaten, and no effective resistance could be made, because the guards were armed. Only large parties of men, who were known to be determined and to carry their knives with them, were safe. This excited the anger of Lupone; so he went out to fish alone, and when he had made a great catch he was assailed. He put his spell on his opponents, beat them, and took away their weapons, which he hid in his own house. When he was in safety he undid the charm. The members of the Coastguard were in despair at the loss of their arms, because they could not say how it had occurred without betraying their own evil practices; so they consulted Manetta, like our hero, a half-historical and half-legendary personage, whose life and adventures cannot be related in a parenthesis. Manetta said he could do nothing for them; the fact is that he was the friend of Lupone. Afterwards the culprits sent their parents to beg the forgiveness of the injured man. They offered him large presents if he would restore the arms; but he replied, "I have no weapons; how should I overcome six armed men?" Then they began to entreat him; they urged that their sons would be ruined if they appeared unarmed at parade, and promised that their raids on the fishermen should cease. On this condition he gave up the arms; but he told them that their sons had felt his power once, and, if they broke their word, they would feel it more painfully the next time.

This Lupone is interesting, as the stories told about him really embody the ideal of the fishermen of Mergellina, and afford a picture of what they would like to be; but he must not be considered an unsubstantial myth. His son has hardly passed the prime of life, and several of his familiar acquaintances are still alive. Here is an anecdote that may possibly be perfectly true. There can be little doubt that Lupone was largely engaged in smuggling; at any rate, the Coastguards always kept a sharp eye upon him, though they were somewhat afraid of offending him—he had so many friends. One day they found him alone, spreading his nets on the sandy shore of Bagnoli, and they arrested him. He said he would go quietly with them if they allowed him to beach his boat, to finish drying his nets, and to give them into the keeping of an old man who was standing on the shore. They were pleased that he was so quiet, and agreed to the proposal. Lupone had foreseen that a great storm was coming up, and was as dilatory as he could well be. At last he was obliged to go with the Coastguards; but they had hardly left the shore when the storm broke, and they became quite unable to manage their boat, on which they begged Lupone to take the helm. He made for Nisida. "We want to go to Pozzuoli" (in the opposite direction), said the chief officer. "If you can steer better than I can, take my place." This silenced all opposition. When they were close to the island, but not under its cover, Lupone said:—"You want to go to Pozzuoli, and I want to land here. You are six armed men, and can kill me if you like; but I can drown you all. Which of us is to have his way?" The guards capitulated, and he brought the boat into safety. After this the authorities never interfered with him.

All these stories have various forms. No two persons tell them in quite the same way. In some accounts of this adventure, for example, all mention of the storm is omitted, and the escape of Lupone is attributed entirely to his magical power. In the narratives here given the clearest or apparently best authenticated form has been chosen. Gallo Gallo seems to have belonged to an earlier generation than Lupone—at least his name is less familiar, and the stories told about him are at once more marvellous and more disconnected. They seem to be either a conglomerate of separate tales, or the scattered remnants of some old fisher's romance.

Gallo Gallo once found a child crying by the roadside when he was passing through the old Grotto—the tunnel excavated by the Romans, which even before the time of Petrarch was supposed to have been bored by the magician Virgil and the demons under his command in a single night, and which is mentioned in Marlowe's

Feustus. In pity he took the little thing up to carry it to Bagnoli, to which village he was going, but with each step it grew heavier, till at last he was obliged to put it down, and go his own way. It was not a child, but a spirit. (It may be remarked that the word used by the narrator in this case was not *manicello* but *spirito*.) The next time he passed through the Grotto, he remembered the circumstance, and found a can filled with oil on the very spot where he had left the child. He took it up, and it seemed light at first, but soon became so heavy that he was compelled to leave it by the side of the road. Shortly after this he was fishing with a number of others near the coast off Lago Patria, beyond Cumæ, when bad weather set in, and they were detained for several days. He had all the money destined for household expenses with him; one of the great festivals—either Christmas or Easter—was at hand, and he knew his family could not keep it properly unless he returned. He, therefore, tried to persuade some of his companions to walk back with him, while the others took care of the boats and nets; but this they refused to do, so he started alone. On the shore of Cumæ he met a robber with a dog and a gun, who demanded his money, which he gave at once. There was, however, something in his face which displeased and frightened the brigand, so he resolved to kill him, and bid him dig a grave. This the fisherman did, but in the meantime he worked a spell on him and his dog. He compelled the former to lie down silently, and remain motionless in the grave, and rendered the latter incapable of moving or barking. Then he took back his money, and went home. When he was in safety, he undid the charm.

STRONG WATERS.

PERHAPS no earlier trace of wine-spirit or brandy can be found at short notice than the sixth-century legend of the monk Marcus, who collected and condensed in wool the steam of heated white wine, and then expressed from the wool so moistened a balsam which he applied to the wounds of those who fell at the siege of Rheims in the reign of Clovis I. Marcus also mixed this balsam with honey, and so produced a cordial with which he brought the moribund back to life. The herculean Clovis himself is said not to have waited for the approach of death to addict himself to this cordial. Modern chemists, however, seem to have safely agreed that the distillation of spirit of wine or alcohol vini was not practised before that vague stretch of time known as the middle ages. One thing only is clear, that the process is older than the Montpellier Professor Arnoldus de Villanova of the fourteenth century, to whom its invention is so often attributed. He was nevertheless a very notable alchemist, and in his *Thresor des Pouvres* made a panacea of this water-of-life, which gave sweet breath and fortified the memory, besides being good for sore eyes, the toothache, and the gout. Half an eggshell of it daily in food banished the dropsy, and it was sovereign even against incurable complaints—a conviction still widespread among those who "fly to the brandy-bottle." This water-of-wine was a liquid which had parted with the colour and other accidents of the wine; it was a water of immortality, for it prolonged the days, enlivened the heart—'tis a poor one that never rejoices—and perpetuated youth. The Iranian could say no more for his white soma-juice nor the Hindû for his soma form of the same idea. Villanova's pupil, Raymond Lulli, redistilled this aqua viva, aqua vite, or wine-water, and found out how to concentrate it by means of calcined carbonate of potash. To this product, which was as near pure alcohol as he could get, Lulli appropriated the old term *quinta essentia*, the subtle substance of the fifth, the super-igneous sphere, to which the soul of man was likened, and beyond which, if we accept the most recent chemistry of the sun, our conceptions do not seem to have since much progressed. Martin Ruland's *Lexicon Alchemie* (1612) describes alkô generally as "purior substantia rei segregata ab impuritate sua; sic alkô vini est aqua ardens rectificata et mundissima." It is well known that the term alcohol was applied in ancient pharmacy to all substances porphyzied, that is reduced to "impalpable powder" on tables of porphyry, and the use of the word has undergone a similar change to that of Elixir—another Arabic term, but originally Greek—which in alchemy meant the powder of projection for cooking the philosopher's stone.

When Michael Savonarola, the Italian, produced in the fifteenth century his treatise *De conficienda aqua vite*, it at once became the standard authority on the subject; and after Savonarola's came the work of Matthioli of Sienna. The reputation of these savants soon vulgarized their discoveries, and the Italian wine-growers began to "burn" their wine, and so started that lucrative industry attributed, we believe, to the apostle of Ireland by a local anacronistic:—

When St. Patrick first came to our Isle,
To drink—why, of course!—he was willing;
But they'd nothing at all worth his while,
So he turned his mind to distilling.

It does not seem to have struck the commentators that Maistre Alcofrabas Nasier, in styling himself so often an "abstracteur de quinte essence," was claiming his freedom of the same mystery.

From Italy the trade did not take long to gain France, and the charter of the Parisian Company of Vinegar-makers calls them, in 1514, distillers in eau-de-vie and spirit of wine. In 1534 another Company was established as distillers and makers of eau-de-vie and

eau-forte, our strong waters. Up to about that time it may be said that the water-of-life had been confined to apothecaries' shops, and its manufacture to alchemists; but once a general demand for the marvellous liquid began to grow, and its production began to spread, the consumption of wine, as brandy and to make brandy—for about seven casks of grape-juice went to make one of spirit—took an enormous development, and the forests of the crétaceous poor land of Angoumois and Saintonge, for instance, rapidly disappeared before the white vine called the *folle blanche*, which laid the foundation of the "fine Champagne" of Cognac, the oldest mention of which district and its wine is made by a local celebrity, François de Corlieu, in 1576, as "vne contrée en Engomois qu'on appelle Champagne, qui porte grant quantité de vins excellens, qui par la rivière [Charente] se transportent es autres parties du monde." These white wines, which were very good little wines as long as there were any of them left, used to be largely bought up in the plentiful years of the present century by the sparkling-wine-makers of the other Champagne, who have not been by any means in the habit of confining their operations to the growths of their own vineyards.

For a long period the new alcohol was obtained only from wine, but before 1601 the Low Countries at least had started an opposition to wine-brandy in the "brandwin" which the brandewijnbranders distilled from apples, pears, and malt; for in that year an endeavour was made to stop it at Tournay by an ordinance which forbade its sale except by apothecaries, the ancient custom, as has been said, with all alcohol when it was a costly drug, whether powder or spirit. This ordinance purported to be issued partly because of the dearth of corn, and partly because of the drunkenness this cheap brandewijn caused, to the great prejudice not alone of homes and lives, but to the extreme danger of the souls of its drinkers, many of whom had died without confession, as well in Tournay as in the villages around. In 1730 great quantities of corn spirit were produced in Holland and the North; but long before then there were other plentiful sources of strong waters which owed nothing to the grape, in both the Indies. Arack is in the 1665 edition of Sir T. Herbert's *Travels*; rum is mentioned in Dampier's *Voyages* (To Campenchy, 1675); and ratafia appears in Phillips's *New World of Words*, 1710. All these were long, very long, before the short-horn brand of Kentucky Bourbon; and there is now a great number of substances from which alcohol is commonly and cheaply extracted, and an infinity of others from which it is extractable, including, if we are to credit the chemists, the atmosphere itself; but this totalitaller are not bound to believe.

To return to French wine-brandy. The earliest record which has been traced of the export of "eau ardent" from Bordeaux was on March 30th, 1521, when three barrels were shipped for Antwerp, and a tun and three tierces of "eau ardent, called eau-de-vie," went to Middelburg in 1550; in 1552 five barrels of "eau-de-vie, otherwise called caue ardent," were loaded for Hamburg. The name of the spirit was still clearly in an unfixed condition. In 1549, 1571, and 1595 sales of eau-de-vie are recorded at La Rochelle in quantities rising gradually from four to twenty-two barrels, and the merchandise must have come from the inland provinces of Saintonge and Angoumois, as distillation did not begin in seaboard Aunis until about 1622. In 1617 the Rochelle sales appear by the hundred and hundred and ten barrels, showing how the demand was increasing; and the spirit is then described as tested according to the proof and gauge of Cognac, showing that the Cognac brand had then already attained a leading position. But the merchants of La Rochelle were evidently turning their own minds to distilling; for in 1624, in order to protect the produce of their local vineyards, they forbade any other eau-de-vie to come into the town, under pain of confiscation and fine. In 1657 a merchant and master carpenter of barrels made eau-de-vie in his own house at Bordeaux, and twenty-two years later the jurats of the town had to make severe regulations for the distillers, who had increased astonishingly in numbers. At that date the leading makers were two Scots, John and David Strang, from Pittenweem and Balcaasky in the kingdom of Fife, who must have been established in Bordeaux long before 1670, when they were naturalized as Frenchmen, dealing in and out of France in "eau-de-vie, vinegar, French, and foreign wines, and other drinks and merchandise requisite for his majesty's ships." The brothers Strang were stated in their letters of naturalization to be the largest brandy and vinegar merchants in France.

About the same time the Abbé de Marolles praised the brandies made from the white wines of Anjou, but gave the first place to those distilled from the clarets "du Blaisois." Labat, who in 1696 wrote his *Voyage aux Antilles*, said that the brandies then most sought after in the West Indies were of Nantes, Cognac, Hendaye, Orleans, and La Rochelle. The French Government, by levying a foolish duty of fifty sous the ton on foreign vessels, drove the export brandy trade to the Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch ports, and as a consequence such names as Clock and Dow are found in the Bordeaux brandy business in 1706, when it had fallen almost wholly into the hands of the Dutch, with whom the Russians dealt, a shipload of wine and liqueurs having gone from Bordeaux to Archangel in that year for the table of the Czar of Muscovy. The English import duty on French brandy at that date was 1,700 livres the tun, equal to nearly nineteen shillings a gallon at the present day. In 1730 the annual export of brandies from Bordeaux was some 40,000 barrels, equal to about two million gallons, a great portion of which went in small handy kegs

to the ports of the Picardy coast, whence the English merchants smuggled it in by the help of small boats. A transshipment at Dunkirk, too, saved half the enormous English customs dues, if the French brandy could be passed off as Rhenish spirit. As the ship-captains had to make their declarations on oath in the English ports, it was the practice at Dunkirk to pour into each cask, under the captain's eye, the last few pints of Rhenish; he could then, with case-hardened conscience, swear that every barrel had been filled with that spirit in his presence. These Bordeaux and the Languedoc brandies were harder, less mellow, and at the same time were weaker and had less flavour than those of Cognac; but they were in favour for making "eau-forte." This is to be carefully distinguished from the engraver's acid of the same name which Claude Melan used in 1619, and which, by the way, was sold in Bordeaux in 1690 for six livres—now about sixteen shillings—the pound. It contained more alcohol than the ordinary drinking brandy, which was made by blending two parts water with three parts eau-forte. Though the distillation cost the maker more, the merchant found a saving on the eau-forte, the strong waters, in carriage and in the duties, which were levied by bulk only.

Although the two earliest Cognac brandy houses claimed the dates of 1637 and 1670, the trade did not attain its immense modern importance until 1820 onwards. The *Almanach des Gourmands* for 1805 is found recommending eau-de-vie as the least noxious of liqueurs, and especially the six-year-old eau-de-vie of Cognac. But rum-punch then evidently "had the call" in Paris, and had come into great favour "since the Revolution." It was drunk hot or iced after dessert, in the course of the afternoon, at teas, and in short at all hours of the day and night. In the following year the *Almanach* introduces Geneva to its public as a novelty, and says at the same time that strong waters, which a quarter of a century earlier were luxuries, had then become necessities, so that two or three kinds always flanked the after-dinner coffee; the custom had risen to the surface with the revolutionists. In 1808 an "eau-de-vie of health" at three francs the bottle—some abomination made from rice—is recommended as a substitute for West Indian rum, which costs twelve francs, thanks to those cursed English and the war; and the *Almanach* for 1810 gobbets, and of course misprints, kirschwasser as an infernal liquid, a sort of stomach-punch—not the storative brew above-mentioned, the rum-booz, the good drink, but the tool of steel that puncheth holes—fitter for housebreakers' throats than for the lips of Mademoiselle Betzi, whoever she may have been, and other fresh, young, and pretty demoiselles et dames who seem to have been taking kindly to the cherry-water. So that here we may trace pretty evidently the rise of the liquoring-up fashion which led to the expansion of the trade in Cognac towards 1820. That trade touched its highest point in 1866, when the almost incredible quantity of over five million cases (10,724,824 gallons) were despatched from Cognac itself alone. The phylloxera has since been at work; there are now scarce any vines, and but very little wine, and that little so poor that it does not pay for the fuel to distil it. The landowners of the country are said still to hold diminishing quantities of the genuine old stuff, but good judges say that stocks cannot outlast three or four years more; the prices of wine-brandy are still rapidly rising, and one of the leading houses some months ago handed over its business, stock and mark, to a syndicate.

The story goes that a Gallican bishop was dining a good many years ago at Rome with a great prince of the Church, who inquired about the situation of his diocese. "I am bishop of Angoulême," said the Frenchman; "bishop of the department of the Charente," he added, seeing that the Ultramontane eminence, whose strong point was not modern geography, made no sign. At last a bright thought struck him. "I'm Bishop of Cognac," said he. "Ah, Cognac! Cognac!! Cognac!!!" cried all the guests in chorus, "that's something like a bishopric!" Which somehow recalls another and much older Italian story of the wine called Lagrima, which begins with Utinam!

ATKINS IN EXCELSIS.

SOME time ago we remarked upon the undoubted tendency of Private Thomas Atkins to rise in the social scale, and to assert a position in society. Although a considerable period has passed since those remarks were penned, we have seen nothing that has caused us to alter our opinion, while we have seen a good deal to confirm it. We concluded our notice of the subject on that occasion by saying, "Private Thomas Atkins has placed his foot upon the social ladder, and if he only continues to mount it at his present rate, we shall hear more of him before very long." As we pointed out on the occasion referred to, we have improved and reformed the soldier's pay, his food, his clothing, his general accommodation and treatment, and all things, in fact, that could minister to his physical comfort and well-being. His mind had to be thought of next. Accordingly the authorities turned their attention in that direction, and the tide has set in with considerable severity. To begin with, it was a proud day for Thomas Atkins which conferred upon him the franchise, that proud privilege to which his continual residence in the United Kingdom and his intimate acquaintance with domestic politics so fully entitled him. Thenceforth he had a voice in guiding the destinies

of his country in peace as well as in war, and could vote for a warlike or a peaceful policy according as he felt inclined or possibly according to the wishes of the girl of his heart, who might or might not be desirous of his further presence at home. The next step in the path of reform was the relaxation of the regulations regarding smoking, which in future was to be permitted in public after sunset. At first sight this might appear to be of the nature of a physical rather than of a moral or intellectual improvement; but it nevertheless has its bearings on the question in its latter aspect. It enabled the soldier to emerge from the canteen or public-house, wherein hitherto much of his leisure time had been passed, and to mingle freely with the giddy throng on the promenade or other place of public resort, where he could see more of the world, and where also the world could see more of him. Next in order we have to notice the reforms that have taken place in the regulations regarding the hours at which the soldier may, and may not, be out of barracks. In past and more degenerate times he was seldom allowed out at all; and the restriction was not very severely felt, for the reason that, when he had got out, he hardly knew what to do with himself. But we have changed all that, and to-day the soldier wants his evening out occasionally, and can spend it in a decent and reputable manner. Accordingly, he is now indulged with "passes," or permission to remain out after tattoo roll-call, to an extent that would have surprised the veterans of the old school. In their time about five per cent. of those present, and even then only men of good character, were granted passes on any given night; the remainder had to be in by nine sharp, or were liable to punishment. We remember, indeed, a remarkably blunt sergeant, years ago, giving the following somewhat embarrassing evidence in the orderly room, concerning a certain troublesome recruit. "The fact is, sir, the man's got no discretion; he thinks he can go out, get drunk, and come back when he pleases, just like a' officer." The private soldier will, at the present rate of progress, be soon able to indulge in most of these luxuries on his own account, for a recent order gives all sergeants permission to remain out of barracks, when not on duty, until midnight, and no doubt the same privilege will soon be extended to the privates. There was a time when the most fearful results might have been anticipated from such a concession, and it is not so very long ago that no official in his senses could or would have granted such liberty. In those days the soldier's exit from the barracks was always everything that it should be; the sergeant on gate duty took care of that. But his return was a very different affair. Too often did he find that very strait was the barrack-gate, and very narrow was the way that led to the guard-room, and thither was he too frequently led or carried, as the case might be. But now we have changed all that. Only those who have had personal knowledge of the British soldier as he was in those times can fully understand the magnitude of the change that has come over him, and when the happy day, or rather the happy night, arrives that throws open the barrack-gate to the private soldier, we believe that he will be found morally qualified for so important a change, and that not merely his goings out but his comings in will be decent, orderly, and free from reproach.

But all the upward steps on the social ladder that we have enumerated above are as nothing compared to the pleasing passage we have recently witnessed, in which Private Thomas Atkins was actually made the guest of a certain well-known General and most gallant officer, who, wishing to celebrate one of his numerous battles, hospitably invited the surviving officers, non-commissioned officers, and men serving in his command to dinner at his official residence. Here, again, a reference to the past will convey better than anything else a full idea of the change that has come o'er the spirit of the soldier's dream. In bygone times we should have read that General Dash provided a hearty meal for the non-commissioned officers and men; the officers being afterwards entertained at dinner, &c. &c. Now, however, officers, non-commissioned officers, and men are all "entertained" at the same table, and no doubt enjoyed themselves heartily. After so good an example we shall hear no more about soldiers in uniform being refused admission to places of public resort, as we have too often done. To return to our subject, we have no hesitation in saying that this last innovation is by far the most marked and most important of any that we have yet chronicled. We see it stated in a military contemporary that, "if this excellent example were more generally followed by officers of eminence, it would be the means of greatly increasing good feeling among all ranks." Possibly it would; but at the same time much must depend upon the cookery and the cellar. At present, perhaps, the soldier is hardly sufficiently cultivated to appreciate such things; but at his present rate of progress he will soon attain to the requisite level, and then become fastidious and critical. We shall await further developments with much interest.

ART UNION OF LONDON.

IN the large plate, after Mr. B. W. Leader's "Streathley-on-Thames," lately published by the Art Union of London, Mr. A. Willmore is not altogether so beneficent a translator of the painter's work as M. Brunet-Debaines and other etchers have proved to be. The etcher has before now proved a good friend to Mr. Leader, endowing his work with the much-needed quality of diffused aerial environment. Mr. Willmore, the engraver, is

both more inflexible and more literal. The best portion of his work is the distance of misty hill and river-valley. The hard, metallic brilliancy of the painter's technique is only too faithfully rendered in other respects; in the contours of foliage and buildings, and the over-studied detail of foreground. The water in the shadows is woolly and wanting in liguessence, and in the full reflections of the evening glow is flat and weak. The picture, however, with its pleasing and very obvious sentiment, is a good example of a popular class of landscape composition, and the fidelity of the reproduction may increase its popularity.

MILITARY CYCLING.

THE Easter manoeuvres of the Volunteers this year have been carried out in a way which undoubtedly shows that the force is steadily improving, and gradually learning to avoid those faults which some years ago earned for them the title of men with muskets. They have, however, proved themselves valuable from another point of view—namely, as the basis on which experiments could be made as to the tactical value of “cycles” in doing the work usually performed by cavalry. It is understood that, as a result of these experiments, a Volunteer Cyclist Corps is to be formed, and we shall no doubt soon have a “Red Book” on cycling drill.

The whole of the experiments were carried out under Lieutenant-Colonel Saville, Professor of Tactics at Sandhurst. He himself was in command on a tricycle, and personally directed the formations required for the varying circumstances of the detachment with which he remained. The work was spread over two days, but that on Saturday last seems to have been the most interesting, as having been carried out in connexion with the movements of the infantry from Canterbury to Dover. The infantry marched in three columns, while the cyclists were supposed to take the place of the cavalry screen covering the flanks and front. The left flank in this case was especially open to attacks from hostile cavalry. In connexion with this opposition of what may be called the two kinds of mounted forces, it is unfortunate that the cyclists were only theoretically armed. This will, of course, not be the case when an actual corps has been formed. As it was, they had to trust to infantry supports to defend them against cavalry attack, a fact which necessarily reduced their pace to that of infantry, so long as attack was threatened. But if the cyclists had been armed, they could have done exactly the work that the infantry support did as a matter of fact do, with this difference, that they could have throughout travelled at their own pace.

When not in contact with the enemy's cavalry, the mileage covered was enormous, very much greater than could have been continuously gone over by any troops on horses, and this was done, not merely along first-class roads, but along lanes and even tracks across fields. The three main columns of infantry marched along the direct central road and the two nearest flanking roads from Canterbury to Dover. To the right and left of these columns were infantry scouting parties, composed of men who had volunteered from different corps for this arduous work, and who were prepared to march thirty miles a day. Part of their duty was to support the cyclists in case of attack. Outside these again, the “wheelers” extended, and explored every lane and path which lay within the limits of their circle of operations—limits which were even more extended than those which would have been assigned to the same number of cavalry. All went smoothly enough until shortly after twelve o'clock. By this time the cycle scouts, who had been round by Ramsgate and Sandwich, had united in the village of Eastry, three miles south-west of Sandwich. Here they formed a “zariba” of machines round the door of the principal inn, and were engaged in discussing their luncheon, when six of the Middlesex Yeomanry rode up, and demanded their surrender. This gave rise to some discussion, as, firstly, the cyclists had been informed that between twelve and one o'clock there was to have been a truce; and secondly, the cyclists were supposed to be armed. While this discussion was going on, a bicycle scout appeared round the corner. The yeomanry, without much judgment, abandoned their main object, and gave chase to him. He, jumping off his bicycle, dodged back through the cavalry. But meanwhile he had led them down a narrow side street, the end of which had been promptly blocked by a barricade of machines. This new situation would, no doubt, have given rise to the question as to which side had the advantage, when a fresh element was introduced. The left scouting party of infantry had all this time been making their way due east from Canterbury towards Eastry. On approaching this place they had been fired on at long range by the Middlesex Yeomanry, whom they had afterwards seen enter the village, and who were also the party who attacked the cyclists. The infantry in their turn entered it with caution, expecting to find it occupied by hostile cavalry. But no sooner had they reached the main street than they were received with shouts to double up, in order to drive back the yeomen, who were at that moment attacking the cyclists' barricade. The cavalry of course retired, and would have suffered very severely in their flight down the narrow street.

After a little rest, a fresh start was made, due south towards Dover. The formation now adopted was that of cyclists in front, with a “point” a hundred yards ahead, the whole followed by the infantry support. Presently the cavalry were again re-

ported in front by the leading scout. The cyclists immediately formed another zariba across the road, and waited for the advance of the infantry. These, when they had come up, at once opened fire, and drove back the cavalry, allowing thus of a further advance. Similar small engagements occurred at frequent intervals; in fact, whenever the yeomanry could with advantage dismount a few men behind cover.

Now assuming that the cyclists had been really, instead of theoretically, armed, the infantry support would never have been required. The engagement in the village would not have taken place, for the cavalry never could have come near the inn door. And in the advance along the road the cyclists would never have had to wait for infantry support. It may be worth while to mention, then, a few of the more important considerations bearing on the arming and mounting of cyclists, as illustrated by Saturday's experiments. The duties of military cyclists are twofold—as messengers and as scouts. As messengers, rapidity is the one important consideration. Bicycles, therefore, are here clearly required, since they are not only more rapid, but they can be taken over worse roads. Nor should messengers be heavily armed. Revolvers will probably be found to be their best weapon. But for scouting purposes, in order to take the place of a cavalry screen, more capabilities are required. Men on this duty must, first of all, be able to penetrate the enemy's screen, and, secondly, be able to prevent the penetration of their own. For both these purposes they must be armed, and well armed. They must, therefore, be mounted on such a machine as will enable them to carry rifles, so that at long ranges they may be able to have a distinct superiority over troops armed with carbines. To carry this out they must be mounted on either single or double tricycles. Double tricycles seem at first to possess certain advantages. They are lighter in proportion to the power available for movement, and they will afford more freedom for one of their occupants to devote himself to observation. But they have this great disadvantage, that if one of the occupants is disabled, the other will have enormous difficulty in driving the heavy machine. For pure scouting work, therefore, single tricycles would seem to be the best. They form better zaribas than bicycles, men can fire from them without dismounting, and they are more suited to carrying the necessary equipment.

In an open country cavalry would have a very great advantage over cyclists. But the experiments of the Saturday have shown that the advantage may be on the other side in a closed country. For exactly as a country becomes more enclosed the number of roads increase. And not only is this the case, but the intermediate spaces cannot be crossed by horses without excessive fatigue. Thus, considering that cycles can not only do roadwork faster, but can actually cover more ground in a day than horses; considering that the railway transport required for them is very insignificant; considering that no forage is required for the machines; and considering that every man on a tricycle is at a moment's notice available, and when available as useful as infantry (there are no horses to be held), it must be conceded that, in a really closed country, both for scouting and for orderly duties on interior lines, the “wheelers” have a distinct advantage.

ABOLITION OF THE KIRK FASTS IN SCOTLAND.

THE formal abolition, which was reported the other day, of the Scotch “Sacramental Fast” is a noteworthy fact, not so much for its own sake, as because it indicates and stereotypes, if not the completion, the very considerable and irrevocable advance of what may be called a process of religious decomposition which has been steadily going on in Scotland for many years past. Outsiders may or may not be aware that the Thursday before the annual or half-yearly Communion Sunday—variously known as “the Sacramental Occasion,” the “Summer Occasion,” and, among the profane, as all readers of Burns will recollect, as “the Holy Fair”—has from the beginning of the Scottish Kirk been observed as a strict fast. How far, indeed, fasting, in the ordinary sense of the word, was associated with the observance we are unable to say; probably it was put aside as a relic of Popery. But the day was kept throughout Scotland as a supplementary Sunday by church services, closing of all public offices and shops, and an entire cessation of all secular business. And this was not only an ecclesiastical but a civil ordinance, for the Kirk Sessions had legal authority to enforce it. It used to be said half a century ago or so, before the Church revival had taken effect in this country, that an Englishman's only idea of fast or festival was that Christmas Day and Good Friday were two supernumerary Sundays. That was at all events just the Scotch idea of the Kirk fasts; Kirk festivals they had none, not even Christmas or Easter, and the very names of such seasons were generally unknown north of the Tweed. The “sacramental fast” was, of course, intended to serve as a preparation for the approaching Communion—a kind of Puritan substitute for the old sacramental confession. But we are told that its religious use had long been on the decline, and has now almost wholly disappeared; that the excursion trains on these fast days are crowded, and the churches all but empty. It was on that account presumably that the several Presbyteries of Glasgow abolished the observance some years ago, and that the Presbyteries of Edinburgh, as well of the Established as of the Free Kirk and the United Pres-

byterians, have now also agreed to abolish it; and it is understood that their example will be very generally followed throughout the country. That the religious disuse or abuse of the solemnity is not altogether a matter of modern growth, might indeed be inferred from the reference in one of Scott's novels to a Southern traveller being charged treble fare for the use of horses hired on a Kirk fast. And for the last thirty years or so the break-up of the old Puritan régime has been advancing almost visibly before our eyes. Men not past middle age can remember a time when, for instance, to take a walk or to whistle on the Sabbath was a heinous sin, whereas now the streets of Edinburgh are thronged on a fine Sunday evening, at a time when no Presbyterian services are going on. The custom again of giving Communion tickets—which used to be almost indispensable for servants in search of a respectable place—has, we believe, been very widely discontinued, partly because the rivalry of the competing Kirks, Established and Free, had deprived it of all disciplinary value. And these are but straws which show the flowing of the stream. How far indeed the change is to be regarded as a subject of satisfaction or the reverse, from a religious point of view, depends on various considerations of fact and principle which will not strike all minds in the same light. Even those who agree with Charles II. that "Presbyterianism is no religion for a gentleman"—or indeed, in the shape it has sometimes assumed, for any man of taste and education—may think it is better than no religion at all, and may therefore hesitate to rejoice even in the collapse of practices or beliefs with which they have little sympathy, until they are assured that it is due to the preference of a higher ideal, rather than to a revolt against religious rule of all kinds as an obsolete and wearisome bondage. Be that as it may, however, whether the transformation is for better or for worse, it is certainly a fact, and a fact of much significance.

If we wish to measure the extent of the contrast, we have only to cast a backward glance at the religious condition of Scotland two centuries ago, which, allowing for the inevitable modifications of social usage, remained unchanged in substance down to a comparatively recent period. Mr. Buckle characterized Spain and Scotland as the two chief strongholds of priestcraft and superstition in the modern world, though under the very opposite forms of the extremest Catholic and the extremest Protestant religionism. His theories are in many respects open to criticism, but his statement of facts as a rule is strictly accurate, and later writers, like Mr. Lecky, have borne ample testimony to the substantial justice of his description of the Scottish Kirk. The Reformation in Scotland, we need hardly remind our readers, was conducted on lines wholly different from the contemporaneous movement in England. It was not a political measure forced on the people from above by royal or aristocratic power, with an abundance indeed of high-handed violence, but a minimum of purely religious change—for here the motives and aims of the chief actors had little to do with religion—but a democratic revolt surging up from below against an ecclesiastical organization, honeycombed no doubt with gross practical abuses, under the inspiration of fierce theological passion. In England, as Lord Selborne has pointed out in his *Defence of the Church against Disestablishment*, there was no substitution of one Church for another, but simply a severance of the National Establishment from its union with the See of Rome, the old order remaining in other respects unchanged, and being carried on—with few exceptions—by the old office-bearers. In Scotland, on the contrary, the ancient hierarchy was swept away and a new religion introduced by Act of Parliament in a single day. A recent writer has applied to the fate of the ante-Reformation Church in Scotland with literal exactness the Psalmist's words, "In the morning it is green, and groweth up; but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered." The Catholic prelates who on the previous morning had been acknowledged as high officials of Church and State, woke up next day to find the position and privileges of a thousand years torn from them at a single blow, and the central act of the worship it had been their function to administer and perpetuate proscribed as a capital offence. Yet in Scotland, if anywhere, Milton's dictum was in one important respect most abundantly verified: "new Presbyter is but old Priest writ large." Never assuredly amid the most ignorant population of Europe in the darkest period of the middle ages had priestly power exceeded—probably it had never equalled—the hideous despotism of the new Presbyterian polity in Scotland which reached its height in the seventeenth century. In the words of the editor of the *Kirk Session Register of Perth*, "Every parish had a tyrant who made the greatest lord in his district stoop to his authority. The kirk was the place where he kept his court; the pulpit his throne or tribunal, from whence he issued out his terrible decrees; and twelve or fourteen sour ignorant enthusiasts, under the name of Elders, composed his council. If any, of what quality soever, had the assurance to disobey his orders, the awful sentence of excommunication was immediately thundered out against him, his goods and chattels confiscated and seized, and he himself being looked upon as actually in the possession of the devil, and irretrievably doomed to eternal perdition." On the detailed applications of this system of terrorism under the ruthless sway of the Kirk Sessions we cannot enlarge here. It was rendered more terrible by the divine sanction, as was taught and widely believed, of constant miracles and judgments on gainsayers; a youthful Papist *e.g.* who had ventured at table to dispute the word of a minister was at once denounced by him and struck dead on the spot. It will be more to our immediate purpose to cite a few specimen examples of the kind of sins created,

prohibited, and summarily punished, under this inquisitorial polity. It was a sin to hold a market on Saturday or Monday, because both days came next the Sabbath; it was a sin to pay visits, or to travel, or to ride or walk abroad at all, or to water your garden, or to shave on Sunday. It was still more sinful to bathe on Sunday, and was probably a sin to swim on weekdays; it was certain that God had on one occasion punished a boy with death for indulging in that carnal amusement. In a word whatever a man liked was sinful because he liked it, for "whatever was natural was wrong." All natural affections therefore were to be destroyed, as being "necessarily connected with our lusts," and still more of course was it the bounden duty of parents to slay their own children or cause them to be executed, if they attempted to propagate erroneous beliefs.

It will be seen how closely this disciplinary code—and we must remember that it was no paper system, but a stern living reality—centred round the more than Judaic observance of "the honourable Sabbath," of which the Kirk fast was an integral portion. The relaxation of Sabbath observance and total abolition of the fast may therefore help us to gauge the extent and gravity of the present change of sentiment. We observed before that the merit or demerit of the new departure may be very variously estimated from a religious point of view. It is right however to bear in mind that it has a religious as well as a secular side. It is not merely the ascetic strictness but the Protestant narrowness and sourness of the traditional Puritanism which has been challenged of late years. A process of levelling up, both in doctrine and ritual, has also been proceeding of late which might almost disturb the slumbers of John Knox. The organ, scornfully denounced and ejected as "a kist o' whistles," has been very generally introduced into the worship at least of the Established Church, and an authorized hymn-book—including, *horrible dictu*, several contributions from Anglican and even Roman Catholic sources—has taken the place of the grimly metrifed psalter which was alone suffered to be sung in the old Presbyterian service. In other respects a sort of halting approximation to the Anglican ritual has been exhibited, and with it has grown up an undisguised tendency to approximate to a higher sacramental type of doctrinal teaching. It is even rumoured that the traditional abhorrence of "black prelacy" is on the wane, and that not a few members and ministers of the Communion of Jenny Geddes would be not unwilling to substitute the government of bishops for the government of presbyteries and Kirk synods. Whether or not "dear old Scotland" is smitten, as we are sedulously assured, with a burning desire for Home Rule in matters political, there can be no doubt that it sits more loosely than at any period since the Reformation to its own peculiar system of Home Rule in the Church.

THE GERMAN REED ENTERTAINMENT.

MR. J. COMYNS CARR'S new libretto, *The Naturalist*, is likely to prove a decided attraction. The dialogue is witty and the words of the ballads introduced much above the average in literary merit. The plot is wildly improbable, but decidedly amusing. It concerns the adventures of a certain Mr. Grub, who, having devoted the greater part of his life to the service of science, and having utterly neglected Cupid and his cultus, determines to mend his ways rather late than never, and make a sacrifice of himself on the altar of Hymen. For this purpose he secretly and by means of letters places himself in communication with a romantic widow named Pomeroy Bliss. He signs his letters "Bacchus," and addresses them to "Ariadne." It would be impossible to describe here the absurdities which ensue, for they are quite as numerous and as difficult to disentangle as were the roads and ways in the labyrinth in which the original Ariadne lost herself in mythological times. A sub-plot of an even lighter character is woven into the first, and the love-making of a couple of rather lackadaisical young people serves, if no other purpose, that of introducing two clever vocalists, Mr. Duncan Young and Miss Kate Tully. As may well be imagined, an extravaganza of this character depends for its success not only on the brightness of its dialogue, but on the liveliness of its music, and, above all, on the manner in which it is acted and sung. Mr. King Hall's music is not quite equal to Mr. Comyns Carr's libretto. It is rather too severe; but the finale, a capital parody on a grand quintet from an old-fashioned Italian opera, is very clever. Miss Fanny Holland, as Mrs. Pomeroy Bliss, sings with admirable spirit; and her burlesque of a prima donna is perfect, for she possesses a well-trained voice and is a consummate actress. Miss Tully, as Sybil, sings prettily, but she is deficient in animation as an actress. Of course Mr. Alfred Reed makes an excellent character-sketch of the old naturalist, and Mr. Walter Browne provokes constant laughter as Captain Reggie Braggitt.

Never, perhaps, has Mr. Corney Grain been better inspired than now in the selection of a theme whereon to graft his delightfully humorous fancies. "Jubilee Notes" are sure to win great popularity, if only on account of the patter song, wherein Mr. Grain narrates the experiences of a countryman "up to Lunnun town" to witness the Jubilee celebrations, and his disappointment in not beholding Her Majesty, as he had hoped, "rolling in a golden carriage, and wearing a golden crown upon her head."

FOREIGN BRONZE COIN.

THE proclamation issued at the end of March forbidding the importation of foreign coin other than gold and silver has, quite unintentionally, inflicted much loss upon the poor, especially the poor of London. It is a natural consequence of the close and constant intercourse between this country and the Continent, that small foreign coins, particularly the small coins of the Latin Union countries, should be imported into London and pass into general circulation. Visitors, whether for pleasure or for business, many of them bring some of these small coins with them, and they pay them away at the hotels, restaurants, and the shops where they deal, usually kept by foreigners. These foreign shopkeepers pass them again to the shops with which they deal, any early hesitation in receiving them being gradually removed when it becomes known that the foreigners are always ready to take in payment the coins so tendered. By slow degrees the coins pass into wider and wider circulation, until at length they are received by the general public without hesitation. This is without law, and indeed in despite of law. Of course, no foreign coin has legal value in this country. The circulation of the coins is, therefore, a matter of convenience and usage alone. At present the number of these coins in circulation is very great, so that rarely does one receive small change without finding at least one foreign bronze coin in the collection; and the number of these coins in circulation has been steadily growing for years. When Mr. Childers was Chancellor of the Exchequer complaints on the subject were made to him, and he was urged to forbid the importation of the coins; but he refused to interfere, distinctly stating in the House of Commons that there was not evidence to convince him that the coins were being commercially imported. It would seem, however, that the Treasury must since then have received evidence producing a different conviction, for in a letter the substance of which has been published this week, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer states as the main reason why he has prohibited the importation of these coins that complaints had been made that they are being commercially imported. Whether the evidence is conclusive or not, there is obviously a strong motive for the importation of these coins. As our readers are aware, only our gold coins are full legal tender: our silver and copper coins are both rated much above the value of the metal they contain. The Mint, in fact, makes a handsome profit by the coinage of all our token pieces, inasmuch as it issues them at a value very much higher than their intrinsic value. And as the Mint makes a profit in this way, it is evident that foreigners could make an equal profit by coining the foreign bronze pieces abroad and importing them into this country; or, rather, they would make a larger profit, since the ten-centime piece of the Latin Union countries is slightly lower in value than our penny, for which it usually passes. There being ten of these pieces in every franc, and twenty-five francs, roughly, being equal to the pound sterling, it follows that two hundred and fifty ten-centimes pieces are equal to a pound sterling—that is to say, to two hundred and forty pence. In other words, the ten-centimes piece is less in value than the penny by about four per cent. Consequently the foreign coiner and importer of these pieces would make, not only the profit realized by our own Mint, but something in excess, even making allowance for the cost of importation. It is not improbable, therefore, that the representations made to the Treasury are well founded, and if the Chancellor of the Exchequer is satisfied that such an importation is going on, he is clearly justified in protecting the revenue of the State and forbidding the importation of foreign bronze coins.

It was no part of the intention of the Treasury, however, to stop the circulation of the foreign bronze coins already in this country. The mischief in their case had already been done, and to stop their circulation would but inflict injury upon innocent parties. The object aimed at was to prevent the importation of fresh coins. Unfortunately the general public has assumed that the Government intended to stop the circulation as well as the importation of foreign bronze coins, and in consequence there is a general refusal to accept these coins in payment. To the well-to-do this is a matter of small moment; but, unfortunately, there are very large numbers of people in all our great towns whose daily wage is reckoned by pence, and to them it is a matter of very great moment indeed if any considerable proportion of their pence is refused by the tradespeople with whom they deal. How large is the circulation of these bronze pieces is strikingly shown by a letter that appeared in the *Times* on Monday last from the Rev. A. Styleman Herring. He says:—"This [Saturday] afternoon in only eight streets of my humble London parish I collected 1,593 coins, equal to 1,227 French pence, giving the poor folk English pennies in exchange for each French one." We can well believe, therefore, that the loss inflicted upon the poor is very considerable indeed, and that it has excited much irritation against the Government. It being admitted that it was no part of the intention of the Treasury to stop the circulation of coins already in the country, it is clear that something ought to be promptly done to remedy the injury unintentionally inflicted upon the poor. The only question is, what that something ought to be. Obviously it should not be the withdrawal of the proclamation. Whether it was worth while to issue the proclamation or not, it clearly now ought to be enforced. To withdraw it would, in fact, be to admit that the importation of foreign bronze coins could not be prevented, and consequently would be to invite the manufacture and importation of these coins. The

State ought not on any account to part with its exclusive right of coining for its own subjects, and it would part with that right if it admitted that it could not enforce the exclusion of foreign coins. The withdrawal of the proclamation ought, therefore, not to be thought of for a moment. And equally clear is it that a mere additional proclamation or intimation of any kind that the circulation of coins already in the country was not to be interfered with, would have little effect. The general public has very hazy notions as to the right of the Crown in matters of coinage, and, indeed, as to what constitutes legal tender or token money. It accepts coins because it knows that those coins pass readily from hand to hand, and will be accepted from each person when tendered in payment of any purchase. It jumped to the conclusion that, when the importation of coins was forbidden, their circulation must also be stopped, and it would not understand the fine distinction between the exclusion of coins not yet imported and the tolerance of coins actually in the country. Both, in the general view, must be either legal or illegal alike.

The true remedy is to call in the foreign bronze coins now in the country and to exchange them for pence. It is obviously unfair that the last holder of these coins should bear the whole loss resulting from the refusal of the public to accept them any longer. The last holder is perhaps the most innocent party connected with the transaction. The coins have been circulating for years past; no question of their goodness has been raised; the Government has looked silently on while they have grown in numbers; and now, without warning, the last holder finds them left upon his hands as utterly worthless. It is not surprising that the ignorant poor should regard this as a gross injustice, and should even, in fact, stigmatize it as confiscation or robbery. The obviously fair thing would be for the whole community to bear the cost of what the whole community has suffered to be done. And, after all, the loss would not be very considerable. As pointed out above, the difference in value between an English penny and a French ten-centimes piece is only about four per cent. To this, no doubt, would have to be added the cost of calling in the French pieces, melting them down, and recoinage them; but that cost, after all, would not be very heavy, while the irritation arising from the non-acceptance of the coins by the general public and the refusal of the Government to apply a remedy would be very great. Besides, it is hardly reasonable to require every person who receives small change to not only count the coins, but likewise to examine them and see that they are legal. Large numbers of the poor are illiterate, and incapable, therefore, of ascertaining whether the coin is foreign or English. Even those who can read have often to make their purchases in the street at night or in dark shops or sheds; while, under the most favourable circumstances, the loss of time and temper would be very considerable if one had to examine every coin he receives in payment. On every ground, then, it seems the fairest and most equitable course to call in the foreign bronze coins, melt them down, and reissue them as English pieces. If the Government has not the power to do this without an Act of Parliament, there can be little difficulty, even in the present Session, of passing a short Act. A single clause would confer the power that is required, and, high as political passion runs at present, no party would incur the odium of obstructing a measure so manifestly in the interest of the poor. The half-measure which has been actually adopted or promised—the acceptance at post-offices for a limited time of the coins at the rate of thirteen a shilling—is rather a grudging one, and though it will remove the grievance in time, it will create a sore feeling meanwhile.

IN THE TWO HOUSES.

DURING the past fortnight the British nation has enjoyed the blessing which a few philosophers and a good many revolutionists desire to hasten upon it in permanence, a blessing which it had in Cromwell's time, and of which Greece almost alone among civilized nations has the advantage. It has been unicameral. If we were to judge by recent experience, but not on experience exclusively of the present Session, we should come to the conclusion that the House of Commons left to itself would do no business at all. Talkative servants are seldom diligent servants. As it is, it may manage to huddle up at the end of the Session the business which the House of Lords has got ready for it in the beginning. That much-abused assembly may resume its labours the day after to-morrow with a modest consciousness of usefulness. It has passed a Government Bill for facilitating the sale of glebe lands, and the Primate's Bill for regulating the cure of souls with some regard to the feelings and wishes of the souls to be cured. Another Bill, dealing with soul-curing of a different sort—the soul-curing in which Macbeth's physician professed himself not an expert—a Lunacy Bill, to wit, has also been passed; and a sort of *privilegium*, enabling the House of Lords to retain Lord Blackburn among its members, has likewise been read a third time. A measure providing that chemists and druggists shall know more than they need necessarily do now of the drugs that they compound; one regulating the education of solicitors in Ireland—they are not yet to be compelled to pass an examination in the code of the National League, or to take out a certificate from that body; an amendment of the Act of 1882 with regard to electric lighting; and Bills for enabling persons charged with criminal offences to give evidence, and empowering the trial of burglars before recorders

and justices of the peace at sessions, have also passed the Upper Chamber. This list is not complete, but it is enough to show that a satisfactory amount of non-contentious legislation has been got through. Progress has been made with Lord Salisbury's Tithes Bill, and Lord Stanley of Preston's Railways and Canals Traffic Bill. The House of Lords will have leisure when it meets after the recess to discuss the English and Irish Land Bills of the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Privy Seal with the thoroughness which the importance and difficulty and the complication of the interests involved demand.

In the meantime, the House of Commons will have to employ the remainder of the Session, like the foolish Duke of Newcastle, in running after the time which it has lost at the beginning, and which the Closure, judiciously enforced, may perhaps enable it to overtake. The most notable feature of Tuesday's sitting was the return of the Speaker to the Chair, from which he can ill be spared. Mr. Peel thanked the House for the indulgence which it has shown him, and thanked Mr. Courtney for filling his place. No one could do it more efficiently. Still, the House of Commons without its Speaker is a maimed, not to say decapitated, body. Much depends on the greatness and dignity of the office and the ceremony with which it is surrounded. A gentleman in a white tie and evening costume is not so authoritative and awe-inspiring as one robed and bewigged and clad in Court costume. The Speaker is a sort of Master of the Ceremonies as well as President of the Chamber. Mr. Peel has had among his immediate predecessors men who looked as wise as he does. The late Lord Ossington and the present Lord Hampden were dignified and urbane, and Lord Hampden was equal to the ordinary work of his office. Lord Eversley was considered a model Speaker at a time when the House of Commons was in the main an assembly of English gentlemen. But neither Lord Eversley nor Lord Ossington had to do with a twice-reformed House of Commons; and Lord Hampden, in dealing with such an Assembly, did not always display the promptitude, keenness, and nerve which Mr. Peel has exhibited in dealing with one reformed a third time. According to the American schoolboy whom Mark Twain has discovered, and who avenges the world on Lord Macaulay's English schoolboy, "Congress is divided into civilized, half-civilized, and savage." We are afraid that this classification applies to the House of Commons. Mr. Conybeare, who emerged on Tuesday with a personal explanation, must be assigned to the third category. Searching the depths of his memory, and consulting friends who heard him, he has discovered that, before denouncing the Speaker at the Westminster Palace Hotel, he expressed his intention of refraining from using language unworthily reflecting on him, or unbecoming in himself as a member of Parliament. If he had recollected this in time, he said, he would never have apologized for denouncing the Speaker as a political partisan. Mr. Conybeare's explanation is worthy of Mr. Blotton of Aldgate. He is still in need of a missionary before he emerges from the savage into the half-civilized class. Of complete Parliamentary civilization we fear he is incapable.

The spectacle which the House presented on its re-assembling after its Bank Holiday was an ironical comment on the indignation which is affected against the Irish Crimes Bill. As with Horatio, it was not the House but a piece of it which came back. The languid crowd in Hyde Park on Monday did not demonstrate more conclusively the hollowness of the outcry against the Bill than the empty benches in the House of Commons. The members present could be counted by tens. The two front benches were fairly filled. Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Goschen, Sir Henry Holland, Mr. Stanhope, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Ritchie lined the Ministerial Bench to encourage their champions of the evening, the Attorney-General for Ireland and Mr. Matthews. With even greater self-abnegation, Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, Sir Lyon Playfair, and others had come down, to lend their ears and countenance generally to those not very lively and inspiring orators Mr. Childers and Mr. Stansfeld. Mr. Shaw Stewart and Mr. Ferguson, Mr. J. Stuart, Mr. Knowles, and Mr. J. Redmond filled up the interstices of the debate in a sort of strophe and antistrophe for and against the Bill, formally addressing the Chair, and really addressing the empty benches. The Irish Attorney delivered himself vivaciously enough of a legal argument in favour of the Bill. Mr. Matthews for the first time seemed to recognize the difference between the House of Commons and the High Court of Justice. Hitherto he has spoken with a light *Nisi Prius* manner, as marked as the heavy *Nisi Prius* manner by which Sir Henry James is distinguished and beneath which he manages to conceal genuine political ability. Mr. Matthews succeeded in putting off the old forensic man and putting on the new Parliamentary man. As for Mr. Childers and Mr. Stansfeld, all that can be said is that they were Mr. Childers and Mr. Stansfeld. The dead-alive character of the whole discussion is shown by the fact that they were put up—they can scarcely be said spontaneously to get up. They delivered, as if automatically and by reflex cerebration, the sort of speeches which invariably come from their lips whenever they are placed on their legs. Both Mr. Childers and Mr. Stansfeld inspired a kind of interest as survivors of vanishing Parliamentary types. Mr. Childers is the most officialized of officials, smooth, monotonous, colourless. Mr. Stansfeld is a practitioner in a school of rhetoric which it is curious to think was once considered rather fine—inflated, inverted, antithetical in language, using without passion the forms of passion, loud without emotion, extravagant yet wooden in gesture. Mr. Stansfeld is an orator of the marion-

nette or *mannequin* order. Both Mr. Childers and he are just the sort of men not to listen to, and they put the time over on Tuesday as well as others would have done.

The days in the House of Commons succeed and resemble each other. The speakers on Wednesday might have changed speeches with those on Tuesday, and very few persons would have found out the difference. Benedick's conversation had not fewer or less interested listeners. The front Opposition Bench was not represented by any greater potentate than Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth, who was merely a link in the chain of words which connected Wednesday with Thursday. The gaps were stopped by Lord H. Bruce and Sir W. Balthazar Foster (to whom Mr. Gladstone has acted as a sort of Daniel, interpreting the handwriting on the wall), Mr. Gully, and Mr. Theobald, of whom silence is their least injurious praise, and would be their least injurious practice. Sir Henry Holland and the Solicitor-General for Scotland represented the Government—the latter maintaining in a vigorous speech the Parliamentary credit of the law officers of the Crown. The Colonial Secretary's clear and cogent argument did not need the apology he made for it. He said that it was necessary for a Cabinet Minister to speak every day to show that the Government had not altered their minds. To this point has the policy of legislating under pressure and the skyey or other influences come. The political weather-glass points so constantly to "variable," that persistency from day to day requires a voucher. Mr. Gladstone's colleagues and supporters, on the other hand, have not received any instruction to alter their minds, and so the monotonous wash of words goes on. Sir Lyon Playfair and Mr. Ritchie repeated on Thursday, for the hundredth time, the conflicting versions of the old Irish story. Mr. Whitbread contributed the deficient element of unstained political character and personal disinterestedness to the support of Mr. Gladstone. What he is doing in the galley in which he finds himself almost the only voluntary passenger among many manacled slaves of the oar, is a question which he must sometimes ask himself. Mr. Whitbread bears a respectable Parliamentary—we can scarcely call it a historic—name. But he illustrates the law of political dwindling which has marked many family records. Of Friday's debate the conditions of time and space do not allow us to speak here.

REVIEWS.

THE LAND OF THE IMÁMS.*

DURING eleven years Mr. Bassett resided in Persia as a missionary, and lived daily for the whole of that period in intimate contact with people of all classes and creeds. His experiences are well worthy of record. Mr. Bassett's missionary labours lay mainly, not among Persians proper, but were directed to the amelioration of the condition of the Armenian and Nestorian Christians, who form no inconsiderable proportion among the subjects of the Shah; for in Persia any attempt to disturb the religious belief of Moslems is most sternly repressed by the Government, which claims to hold rule in the name of the Twelve Imáms. The American missionaries, however, have an ample field for their labours among the so-called Christian population; and since 1851, when they obtained the abrogation of the law of 1842 enacting that "No native Christian should be proselyted from one sect to another," they have increased and multiplied without let or hindrance. Mr. Bassett commenced his labours and obtained his first experiences of Persia at Oroomiah, the mission station among the Nestorians who live on the shores of the great salt lake, called after the name of the town, lying on the border-land of Persia, Turkey, and Russian Armenia, which lake, however, is known to the Persians under the name of Daryatcheh Sháhi, or the Royal Sea. The Nestorian communities now living near Oroomiah and among the adjacent mountains are from many points of view a curious and interesting people. Speculation has been rife as to their origin, but it has been impossible to determine satisfactorily whether they belong to the Syrian, the Chaldean, or some other Semitic stock. "Doubt has been expressed," writes Mr. Bassett, "as to their being of either Chaldean, Assyrian, or Syrian origin. Dr. Grant attempted to establish their identity with the lost tribes of Israel; but it is conceded that the argument fails, since it rests upon characteristics common to Orientals." In other words, the Nestorians may be anything you please; but they certainly are not Jews. Though living on the border-land of Persia, Armenia, and Turkey, they preserve as their written and spoken language a dialect of the ancient Syriac. The Nestorian Church at the present day has no fixed standard of doctrinal belief, and perpetuates its independence of all other Churches chiefly by the peculiarities of its ecclesiastical organization and ritual. The condition of the people is one chiefly characterized by poverty, ignorance, and simplicity. They are distinguished among other Oriental Christians by their remarkable docility and lack of independence, and we find among them a number of superstitious practices and beliefs which effectually separate them from communion with the other Churches of the East. To Europeans they are known as Nestorians; but they them-

* *Persia, the Land of the Imáms: a Narrative of Travel and Residence, 1871-1885.* By James Bassett, Missionary of the Presbyterian Board. London: Blackie & Son.

selves know little or nothing of Nestorius (except inasmuch as they have been instructed by foreigners to this effect), and the people claim for themselves that they are the spiritual progeny of St. Thomas and Thaddeus; while among Moslems they are known by the common term of Nasārah or Nazarenes. Among these worthy people Mr. Bassett proceeded to inaugurate his missionary labours, and, as a preliminary measure to the acts of his "new life, sat down with Abraham and John for the study of the Azarbijan-Turkish language." Before, however, he could make much progress in the art, it was incumbent on him to pay a visit of ceremony to the governor, Ardashir Khan.

My first visit to the young prince did not leave on my mind a pleasant impression of his natural abilities and qualities, although he was duly courteous. He received us in a garden just outside the Seir gate, in a summer-house. In stature, features, and complexion he is a typical representative of his race. He wore a cashmere gown, the border of which was trimmed with fur; a black hat of lamb-skin or astrakan, and without brim; pants of black broadcloth and white cotton socks. The room was furnished with Persian rugs and chairs. The entertainment consisted of a quiet conversation, conducted by Mr. Labaree and the Prince in the Turkish tongue. The Kalyon was passed around twice, and the tea twice, after the most approved custom of Persia, in tiny cups. The Prince was kindly disposed to foreigners, but much addicted to some vices.

After six months spent in Oroomiah, and when he had obtained some practice in speaking Azerbijani Turkish, Mr. Bassett set out on a tour that was to take him through Tabriz, the chief town of the north-western province, to Tehran, and thence back to his starting-point *via* Hamadan, the ancient Ecbatana. The total distance to be covered was about one thousand and sixty-four miles. In Persia, and in fact throughout the East, there are two methods of travelling, *videlicet* post, or caravan; for it is naturally impossible to make use of wheeled vehicles in a country where there are no made roads. In travelling caravan you go slowly, but, comparatively speaking, comfortably; you ride your own horses, or such as you have hired for the period of the journey; you travel some score of miles a day at times most convenient to yourself; and you feed and lodge after a comparatively luxurious fashion. Only, if you are in a hurry, it is annoying to calculate how very long it will take to do, say 1064 miles, at twenty miles a day. Riding post it is possible to get over a hundred miles a day, if you are in good training. The process, however, is trying to a constitution not inured to sleeping on a mud floor among the fleas, and to thriving on a diet of eggs and bread. In Anglo-Persian riding post is known as *chaparing*; the post-houses lie at distances varying from twenty to twenty-five miles along the chief high roads, and, as Mr. Bassett observes, the rooms for travellers, though originally fairly well built and comfortable when new, "are in a most ruinous condition in a short time after their construction."

The post-horses are in a worse state than the rooms, for it is customary to purchase vicious and worthless animals for this service. One or two fairly good horses are kept at each station for the accommodation of *distinguished* and *favoured* guests. In time these brutes become hardened to the service, and are then called by Persians *poktah* (that is, cooked), a term commonly applied to animals and men who by experience and hardship have been inured to severe labour and prepared for hard service. The horses are by no means sure-footed. They frequently fall and break their necks. I have seen a chapar-horse, however, fall and turn a complete somersault, and come up instantly without the least harm to himself, his rider, at the instant of his fall, having been thrown over the horse's head and entirely out of the way. Chapar-riding is attended with some dangers, as are other modes of travel.

Mr. Bassett, however (and in this our personal experience leads us to agree with him), prefers Persian *chapar*-riding to the wheeled vehicles of the Russian provinces of the Caucasus. When relating the adventures of a subsequent journey, he enables us to compare the two methods of progression by the following account of his further experiences:—

On leaving Baku, I had my first experiences of the Russian post. The post is controlled by the Government. One of two degrees of speed is permitted. The choice must be made by the traveller between the ordinary rate and *chapar*. He may have a choice of vehicles also. There are the phaeton, diligence, tarantas, and troika. The tarantas consists of a coach set on bars of wood instead of steel springs. The troika is a wooden box lined with sheet iron, and having a curved bottom like that of a boat, set upon the axles without any springs. The only device for relief from the jolting of this wagon is a set of ropes stretched for a seat, or a bed which the traveller in Russia is always supposed to carry when going by post. . . . As I was without travelling companion, I had no need of a diligence or tarantas, and therefore hired a troika and three horses, believing that these could draw the driver and myself. I had not understood the need of taking a bed, and the arrangement of a rope seat was unknown to me. I had only an overcoat and shawl. Having ridden in this conveyance two nights and two days in succession, I feel qualified to give advice, and to say that I do not like the troika.

To return, however, to Persia: *chaparing* leisurely down to Tehran, Mr. Bassett passed Almoed, as he spells the name of the celebrated fortress of Hasan, the Old Man of the Mountain, Chief of the Assassins. "In the imagination of the simple-minded natives, the spirit of the Assassins seems to frequent their ancient haunts in the shadows of these cliffs," and the missionary's guides confessed to their terrors, but promised to be bold "so long a time as no one appears." In his preface, Mr. Bassett writes, "in the orthography of Persian and Arabic names, I have endeavoured to adhere to the Persian and Arabic forms. In some instances this, however, did not seem to be expedient." As a general rule his method of writing Persian names gives fairly enough the modern Irāni pronunciation. At times, however, some curious fancy possesses him. He generally goes wrong in his *ja*. For *Sheikh al Jebel*, the Old Man of the Mountain, he writes,

p. 94, *Shiek al Yebel*, and again, p. 125, he mentions a *Yebel Islam*. What can be the scheme of transliteration that renders the soft *j* sound (the *dj* of the French) by a *y*? The said *j* sound, again, he sometimes renders by English *g*, which is puzzling, for on the same page we have mention of the villages of Tagreesh (pronounce Tajreesh), and Zargendah (in which last the *g* is to be pronounced hard as in *get*), while Zengan, again, would have been less likely to be mispronounced had it been written *Zenjan*. It is a little puzzling, too, just at first to have to remember that a final *e* in Mr. Bassett's transcription is to be pronounced as short *i*. *Ale*, *Kufe*, and *Walle* stand for Ali, Kufi, and Wali; and *Poti*, the port on the Black Sea, is *Pote*. It may prevent mistakes also to note that Omar Khayyām is he who is called *Hayoon*; that *Zulakoff* is not Russian, but stands for the Arabic *Zu-l Aklāf*; and that the *Akossara*, who, on p. 88, are said to have waged war against the Dailamites, are the ancient kings of Persia, more generally known as the Chosroes. Certainly Mr. Bassett has a quaint method of displaying his erudition by thus importing into English the irregular Arabic plurals which are so dissimilar in form to the noun in the singular. We do not count the word "caliph" as a very exact transcription of the original denomination of the monarchs of Islam. To be exact, the word in the singular should be written *khalifah*, a caliph, and its plural is *khalafā*; but Mr. Bassett's word *khalafahs*, which occurs on every other page, has the disadvantage of being misleading to the uninitiated and, at the same time, very incorrect. Surely, too, a less ambiguous way of writing *kandt* (an underground watercourse) might have been chosen than *Connaught*.

We have called attention to these minor blemishes with a view of their correction in a subsequent edition; for Mr. Bassett's little work will be found in the main a useful guide to any who may be intending a journey into Persia. After a sojourn of some months in Oroomiah among the Nestorians, Mr. Bassett permanently removed his quarters to Tehran, where his work for many years lay among the Christian Armenians of the capital. Occasional journeys broke the monotony of the daily teaching in the schools, and the preaching, week by week, to a congregation whose progress in the paths of virtue seems to have been somewhat retarded. A good description is given of the road from Tehran to Isfahan, and a visit to Julfa, the Armenian settlement on the south bank of the Isfahan river, affords an opportunity for an interesting account of the Armenian subjects of the Shah, their manners and customs, and their history. In Julfa a philosophical Armenian may have the advantage of choosing among three forms of Christianity. There is the community of the so-called Armenian Armenians, whose Catholicos resides at Etchmiadzin, in Russian territory, and the Catholic Armenians, who pay allegiance to the Pope, and, lastly, the Protestant Armenians, who stand in awe of an English clergyman sent out by the Church Missionary Society. Of the religious tenets of the Armenian Armenians a summary is given, and we note with pleasure as a minor point that in their Marriage Service "there occurs the curious promise made by the bridegroom that he will rule the woman." Our author omits to state whether in practice the Armenian spouse is able thoroughly to act up to this promise. A couple of chapters are devoted to an account of the six hundred mile journey from Tehran eastward to Mashhad, the chief town of Khorasan, and we have a glimpse at the Turkomans, among whom the American missionaries have scattered copies of the Scriptures in Jagatai-Turkish, without apparently hitherto having made any very remarkable conversions. The last five chapters of the work are devoted to a shrewdly written account of the Government of the Shah's empire as it now exists, with a description of its physical features and the enumeration of the various races who inhabit its mountains and plains.

In taking leave of Mr. Bassett's volume, which is decidedly a gain to our knowledge of modern Persia and the Persians, we may be allowed, without falling under the accusation of carping criticism, to call his attention to one or two points, yet again, in which he makes curious slips. His etymologies are apt to be weak. *Peresh-kash*, the Persian for a present or offering, is not, as he states on p. 286, to be translated as "a thing that leads on, or comes before," but a thing that is *laid before*—that is, *offered to*, a person. The celebrated prince of the house of Buyah, who "restored the buildings at Najaf over the grave of Ale," was not named *Asad* ad Doulat, but *Azud* ad Doulat, an entirely different name; the first means Lion of the State, still a common title at the present day in Persia, while *Azud* ad Doulat signifies Fore-arm of the State, and is notorious as the denomination of the great Buyide. Tehran in official parlance is spoken of as *Dār al Khilāfat*, which does not mean *Door* of Royalty, as given by Mr. Bassett (who takes *Dār* to be the Persian word for *Door*), but is Arabic, signifying *Abode* of the Caliphate, for the Shah considers himself through Ali and the Imāms as the rightful successor of the Prophet. And while on this matter it were perhaps as well to note that Mr. Bassett altogether misses the point in his account of the Sheah religion of Persia, the sect of the *Athna Asherain*, or Twelve Imāms, by not clearly stating that the damnable heresy against which the Persians most loudly protest is that of those who assert, with the Old Man of the Mountain, that the number of the Imāms was Seven only.

FIVE NOVELS.*

TO a critic sated with the slipshod English, threadbare plots, and vapid philosophy characteristic of about 450 of the 500 novels, or thereabouts, which issue from the London press every year it is a joyful relief to come upon a pleasant and natural story, admirably written, by a gentleman and a scholar, who is at the same time blessed with a constant flow of quiet but most effective humour. Such a story is *The Caruleans*, by Mr. Henry Cunningham, who now stands revealed as the author of *Chronicles of Dustypore*, and of one of the most charming of short novels, *Wheat and Tares*. It is described on the title-page as a "vacation idyll," and one may fairly hope that the author found the composition of such agreeable fiction no less pleasant a relaxation in the intervals of his duties on the judicial bench of Calcutta than the critic finds the perusal of his work after a long course of the ordinary British novel. Like *Dustypore*, *The Caruleans* is a somewhat slight story of Anglo-Indian life, told in a setting of entertaining sketches of character, to which those versed in the subject-matter will probably concede a good deal of "actuality." To our taste, however, the present work is an improvement on its predecessor. The people are pleasanter, and the things they do and say, if not truer to nature, certainly represent a kindlier and more attractive view of the manners and conduct of our exiled fellow-countrymen. The hero of the book is Philip Ambrose, a reasonably dashing young civilian of an amiable disposition, but a weak character. He marries one Camilla, who accepts him, having been in love with him for a considerable time, against her better judgment. For this mistake, and for being a female prig of the most uncomfortable type, Mr. Cunningham punishes her with such severity that at the last one cannot help being a little sorry for her. It is only at the last that this sentiment arises, because she is so much too good for this life that, as long as she is fairly fortunate, she has no claim on the sympathies of the "moderately wicked" of whom cultivated society has been asserted principally to consist. She nourishes the most exalted and unjustifiable ambition of a career of exceptional virtue and usefulness, and of ultimately "joining the choir invisible," and not only so, but she expects other people to live up to her unbusinesslike ideals. Thus, when her light-hearted and decidedly shallow-minded husband gives proper expression to his legitimate admiration of other agreeable ladies, she suffers horrible pangs of jealousy, and mourns in her inmost soul the human imperfections of his character. This sorrow she richly deserves, and it is very comforting to the reader. Mr. Cunningham has the merit of never interjecting sentiments of his own, and his reticence makes this tacit rebuke of priggery all the more gratifying and effective. The reaction of pity comes when Philip's want of fundamental character makes him give real cause of offence, and is complete when the pleasant, if backboneless young man, meets the doom which the practised novel-reader has long seen to be inevitable. The Anglo-Indians, in whose company the lot of the Ambroses is cast, are principally Mr. Chichele, governor of the province of Carulea—the description of which suggests Madras—his chief secretary, Masterly, an official called Montem, and two ladies, Mrs. Paragon and Miss Rashleigh. Of these Chichele is the one whose character is most fully indicated. Rather idle, and inclined to be cynical, partly in consequence of a matrimonial misadventure in his youth, but clever, sensible, humorous, and conscientious in the discharge of his duties, he makes a good sketch, and is the sort of man to whose good sense the preservation of the British Empire is everywhere due. To his two subordinates is more particularly allotted the task of exposing the futility of the "tourist" method of applying to Indian politics the commonplaces of English radicalism, and they do it with a trenchant vigour which leaves nothing to be desired. For this line of discussion they have a standing excuse in the person of Sir Theophilus France, a neighbouring governor, who does not himself come into the story, but is described as a firebrand of the Ripon type, harbouring feather-headed revolutionaries, inflaming the minds of ignorant baboos with incitements to demand Parliamentary institutions, and generally doing his best, out of sheer stupidity and the bigotry of Liberalism, to produce another Indian mutiny. A further occasional excuse is provided by the arrival of Lady Miranda Brownlow, a fashionable and delightful lady travelling with her husband in search of combined instruction and amusement. It is to be hoped that they converted her from her ignorant but amiable enthusiasm. Miss Rashleigh would have suited Philip as a wife much better than Camilla, if she would have married him, but that fate would have been so far above his deserts that it would have been a crime to let her do it. Mr. Cunningham has a curious weakness for anachronism. Philip passes some years in India before his marriage, but whether they were two or five it is impossible to discover. He himself thought it was five, and so

did Camilla, but Mr. Chichele and the author repeatedly speak of it as two. Mr. Cunningham's style is not only correct but elegant—with an elegance that is now, unhappily, rare; and all that he writes is forcible and self-contained. There is not a dull page in the book. He was probably judicious, having regard to the character of his story, in confining it to two volumes, but the unusual result is that one lays down the second with a feeling of regret that there is not a third.

From *The Caruleans* to *The Ladye Nancye* is a most jarring and uncomfortable fall. In the latter we find profoundly commonplace abilities devoted to the relation of an almost pathetically silly story. A sanguine person might possibly expect it to be still sillier than it is, from the abject nature of the preface, which begins as follows:—"It may be argued that the introduction of Mysticism and Psychology in a novel is out of place. The growing importance, however, of these subjects, as well as a firm belief in the phenomena of Psychic Force, induces the author to plead for the strange creation of the Woman in Black." How on earth can the importance of Mysticism and Psychology be growing? Either they are important or not. (As a matter of fact, psychology—using the word in its legitimate and not its slang sense—is extremely important, and "mysticism" is rubbish.) But it cannot affect their importance that a commonplace impostor and one or two novelists have recently made a great parade of their acquaintance with them. That this particular author should be "a firm believer" in spookie force is beside the question, and in any case does not justify her in calling the Woman in Black a strange creation. She is not a creation at all, but simply a bastard granddaughter of Norna of Fitful Head, reined by a most offensive blend of the breed of Paracelsus. The result is a most unimpressive witch, who can be in several places at once, and can appear and disappear, foretell the future, mesmerise anybody, and make her victims do pretty much as she likes wherever they may happen to be, and finally gets drowned like a rat in a trap by reason of the sea breaking into a cave at the top of a lofty cliff in the Channel Islands. The villain of the story is the witch's husband, though he cannot be less than fifty years her junior, unless spookical research has aged her with exceptional rapidity. The heroine, who is his cousin, marries somebody else, and he makes trouble between them. The trouble is eventually removed by the witch, who behaves with incredible clumsiness. It is no thanks to her that the heroine and her husband are not drowned with her in the cave, to say nothing of the gentleman being shot through the heart by the villain, and as nearly as possible dying of the wound. The clearing up of the confusion also involves the heroine in a prolonged spell of insanity, and her husband in a bad attack of rheumatic fever. That both suffer three years of perfectly indescribable misery is no more than the natural consequence of the stupidity they both exhibit, in common with so many other characters in romance, in not asking each other for explanations of their difficulties. The hero is oddly disguised as a schoolboy of thirteen to sixteen summers, and loves the heroine with the disinterested affection of an adopted stepson. A clumsy fault in the story is the frequent reference to a mysterious letter and packet, deposited with the lady's husband by her deceased father, which are to be opened at a certain date, and are to throw light on the misfortunes of her girlhood. The date is never reached, and they are never opened. The witch and her abandoned spouse have a good, but particularly odious, little daughter, whom the author seems to have fitfully regarded as a suitable mate for the schoolboy; but nothing comes of it. The style, especially at the beginning, is a spasmodic imitation of Mr. Wilkie Collins, and in the intervals is merely slipshod. The schoolboy, whose name is Basil, is the best thing in the book, his manners at first being fresh and entertaining. After a bit, however, he saves his "Ladye Nancye" (the heroine) from a mad dog, which bites him. Consequently he takes to the study of mesmerism, mysticism, and other silly isms. This makes him dull, and he involves himself in the tortuous designs of the witch, to the neglect of his education and the embroilment of the already wearisomely intricate plot. By this time probably he is a Mahatma, possibly in Thibet, but let us hope in Bedlam.

Less ambitious, and incomparably less abject, than *The Ladye Nancye* is the tale of the concluding episode in the adventurous life of Jean Corbiac, better known as Captain Trafalgar, because he was taken prisoner by the English at Trafalgar, and revenged himself for the next ten years or so by preying on English commerce in the Gulf of Mexico as a privateer or as a pirate, according to circumstances. Perhaps it ought to be described as a boy's book; but, for any one who likes a story of adventures, fighting, mutiny, and so forth, by land and water, it is good enough reading. There is a sufficiently atrocious villain called Vic Lubin, a half-caste, and the occurrences described in the second half of the story are entirely due to the weakness of Corbiac and his friends in carrying him off as a prisoner on board their ship when they fled from New Orleans, and not hanging him—a fate which he richly deserved. A similar want of resolution has been productive of even graver consequences in real life before now. The most remarkable thing about the book is the excellence of Mr. Westall's translation. To translate a middle-sized volume from the French so that the English reader is not even momentarily reminded that the work is a translation more than three or four times, is an achievement requiring no inconsiderable familiarity with the use of both languages, and Mr. Westall has performed it triumphantly. If it were not for the title-page it is probable that ninety-nine readers out of a hundred might go from cover to

* *The Caruleans: a Vacation Idyll.* By H. S. Cunningham, Author of "Chronicles of Dustypore," "Wheat and Tares," &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

The Ladye Nancye. A Novel. By the Author of "Dame Durden," "My Lord Conest," &c. London: Ward and Downey. 1887.

Captain Trafalgar: a Story of the Mexican Gulf. Rendered into English and Edited by William Westall, from the French of André Laurie. London: Cassell & Co. 1887.

Pengwillon. By Isabel Peyton. London: London Literary Society. 1887.

Dehtoned: a Story for Girls. By Mrs. Seymour. Illustrated by F. A. Lockyer. London: Griffith, Farran & Co. 1887.

cover without the least suspicion that they were not reading an original work. They would, however, if they were not hopeless landlubbers, perceive that the author knew less about ships and the sea than an Englishman ought to know, and they could hardly fail to be impressed by the information that about an hour before a storm on the Atlantic the barometer fell two inches in fifteen minutes.

When people ride on pillion, does the lady get up first, and the gentleman "spring up nimbly" in front of her? That is what Miss Peyton makes them do in Wales, and, what is more, the lady had never ridden on a pillion, or even seen one, before. For the rest, *Pengwillion* hardly calls for remark. Douglas, a man of letters, went to Wales. There he found, loved, and married Margaret Owen, a farmer's daughter. Margaret the younger was born, and Margaret the elder died. Nineteen years later Douglas died also. Margaret went to live at Pengwillion. Cecil Aylmer, an artist and a tourist, came thither and loved Margaret, and she him. He went away, and married Evelyn, and to them was born Violet. When Violet was five years old, she was caught by the tide. Margaret rescued her, and took care of her on a rock till the tide went down. (The account of this adventure is poor.) A day or two later Evelyn died of consumption. Cecil married Margaret. Q. E. F.

It may be surmised that the school of Miss Yonge is not a particularly easy one in which to graduate. It is necessary for the author to be a lady, to write easily, and to be capable of giving extremely elaborate accounts of the everyday life of English girls of the upper or upper-middle classes without being dull. Mrs. Seymour succeeds in all this very fairly well. *Dethroned* is described as a story for girls, and it will probably be most satisfactory to rather little ones. At any rate, people of both sexes and all ages will not be enthralled by it, as they have occasionally been by *The Pillars of the House* or *The Daisy Chain*. But then Miss Yonge is rather a person by herself. The best thing in *Dethroned* is the character of a busy father as he appears to his children in the glimpses they get of him. The worst—and it is rather a bad fault in a book designed for the entertainment of immature minds—is the perpetual recurrence of one perfectly unpardonable grammatical blunder. All the people say "between you and I," "how nice for you and I," and so forth, and one estimable lady is guilty of the atrocity "he is able to look after we three miserable travellers." Also, Mr. Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times* would not be recommended by a wise aunt to a girl anxious to read history. The merit of that work, considered as an historical romance, is, of course, a matter of taste; but, if little girls read it at all, it should be for amusement. On the whole, *Dethroned* may be recommended. The pictures are naught.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

IT was natural that Archbishop Trench's many friends should desire a memorial of the man as distinguished from the student and the writer. They could hardly have chosen a better than a selection of his *Sermons, New and Old*, which reveal by undesigned indications the purity, refinement, and elevation of his character. The sermons, with one exception, are not dated, and we cannot by any internal evidence tell the old from the new. None of them have the formal mannerism of style or thought which belongs to old-fashioned sermons, nor the feverish specula-

* *Sermons, New and Old*. By Archbishop Trench. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Christus Consummator. By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., Canon of Westminster, &c. London: Macmillan & Co.

St. Austin and his Place in the History of Christian Thought. By W. Cunningham, B.D., Chaplain & Birkbeck Lecturer, Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Clay & Sons.

Messianic Prophecy. By C. A. Briggs, D.D., Professor of Hebrew in the Theological Seminary, New York City. Edinburgh: T. P. Clark.

The Liturgy of John Knox. Glasgow: At the University Press. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

A Handbook of Biblical Difficulties. Edited by the Rev. Robert Tuck, B.A. London: Elliot Stock.

St. Augustine, Melancthon, Neander: Three Biographies. By Philip Schaff, D.D. London: Nisbet & Co.

Religion a Revelation and a Rule of Life. By the Rev. William Kirkus, M.A., LL.B. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

Is God Knowable? By the Rev. J. Iverach, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The Evangelical Revival of the Eighteenth Century. By John Henry Overton, Canon of Lincoln. London: Longmans & Co.

The First Book of Kings. By the Rev. J. Rawson Lumby, D.D. Cambridge: At the University Press.

The Epistle to the Ephesians. By the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, M.A. Cambridge: At the University Press.

The Ignatian Epistles entirely Spurious: a Reply to the Bishop of Durham. By W. D. Killen, D.D., Principal of the Presbyterian Theological Faculty, Ireland. Edinburgh: T. T. Clark.

The School of Divine Love. By Father Vincent Caraffa, S.J. Dublin: Gill & Son.

The Bells of St. Peter's; and other Papers of Gospel Truth. By Rev. George Everard, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Dover. London: James Nisbet.

St. Paul the Author of the last Twelve Verses of the Second Gospel. By Howard Heber Evans, B.A. London: James Nisbet & Son.

Straight Tips for the Race of Life. By Rev. G. Whit White. London: Griffith & Farran.

tion and sensationalism of the sermons of the day. Some readers may be impatient of their limitations and reserves; but none who use them for a mirror to see themselves in or a ladder to mount upon will find them out of date, or fail to be won with their earnest calls to a higher life and the tender grace of the cultivated mind and nature which sets forth the inducements to lead it. In only two of the series is the writer's literary power—evident but unobtruded throughout—unmistakably displayed. When he preaches on Shakspeare, with a refined appreciation of the limits of the preacher, the Archbishop shows that he has learnt the author's character from his writings; and in the discourse on Baxter he tells us many things about the Puritan and his books (140 in number) which we ought not to have had to wait for a dignitary of the Establishment to teach us, and displays a large-minded sympathy with his position and opinions. The charm of style which he justly ascribes to Baxter must be ungrudgingly conceded to his own last words to us.

To pass from such a volume as we have just noticed to Canon Westcott's *Christus Consummator* is like sailing from the unrealized security of a harbour into the open sea. The writer is fully conscious of the storm of hopes and doubts, of restlessness and longings which it is his business to breast, and to which he believes his message will be an answer and a satisfaction. His volume consists of two sets of five sermons each, and of a single sermon which he calls an appendix. The first section is devoted to a consideration of the trials of a new age to the Hebrew Christians, of their sense of poverty and bareness under the loss of their expressive symbolism, and to setting forth the topics of consolation. They had to turn from the past to the future, from the visible to the invisible, to the revelation of *Christus Consummator*, to the idea of progress, to the promise of perfection through suffering, to the hope of forgiveness and strength from the King-priest, to the vision of a universal society, to the new covenant of personal service. The transition of thought is easy from their circumstances to ours, when for their trials we put our difficulties, and come to regard them as marking the direction of progress. To us, as to them, the Incarnation is the sacrament of unity, meeting the aspiration after solidarity, and explaining the pain of the whole creation as the travail-pangs of the new order which is to achieve perfection by suffering like Him who ushered it in. It is not an after-thought and remedy for the consequences of the Fall, but the original Gospel of Creation, justifying itself as a constituent of the eternal plan by its harmony with the order of nature and its interpretation of the problems of life. We would gladly give more space to these suggestive sermons, which the preacher has done well to print; for he must have rather thrown away on the mixed congregation of the Abbey discourses which preachers ought to read and ponder. Thoughtful readers will follow out in thought the grand possibilities into which their leading idea ramifies, the deep spiritual truths which it involves, and the large hope for humanity which popular theology rudely brushes by in its haste for individual salvation.

St. Austin and his Place in the History of Christian Thought is the title of the Hulsean Lectures for 1885. Mr. Cunningham rightly believes that they have more than a transient interest, and he hopes that they will serve as an introduction to the study of the works of the colossal man who is their subject. In this reading but not studious age probably few will use the lectures for this purpose; but they can stand on their own merits, and will give a careful reader material for a juster estimate than he had before of the greatest of Christian philosophers. No one need fear that he is wasting time over obsolete controversies, for St. Austin's problems are the problems of to-day, and the questions of the being of God and the nature of man have an undying interest in his pages, though his conclusions may appear partial and inadequate to those who have the light of later philosophy. It is significant of the force of his influence on thought that in the great religious crises of history he comes to the surface as the inspiration of their leaders. Alfred and St. Anselm, Laud and Cranmer, Wickliff, Wesley, and Luther own their obligations to him, and the *Confessions* was one of the first contributions to the library of the Fathers, translated by Dr. Pusey. But, vast as was his range in abstract speculation, the development of his mind in the direction of observation and practice was as wide and his interest as eager. He speaks with something like scorn of those who appeal to the Bible only as an authority in physical science and talk "wild nonsense" for want of empirical knowledge, and the extent to which his views became actualized in the constitution and character of the mediæval Church is a proof at once of this practical side of his mind and of the prescience of his imagination. It is a pity that one who was born to be such a thinker for men and a ruler of them should have wasted so much power by want of system in what he wrote, should have left so much of what is most precious in letters and occasional papers; but it increases our obligation to Mr. Cunningham for having summarized the results of a life's thinking for those who have neither the time nor the learning to do it for themselves.

Dr. Briggs occupies rather a unique position with regard to *Messianic Prophecy*. He belongs neither to the school of those who confuse prophecy with prediction, and study it from the point of view of its fulfilment, nor does he hold that Hebrew prophecy can be explained by the ordinary operation of Divine Providence upon the souls of men; but, while defining prophecy as "religious instruction," and thus implicitly excluding a supernatural element, he claims for it a divinely ordained place in the human economy like that of the Priest, the Father, and the King. It shows its

origin, he seems to think, by its capacity for development from a function into an office and an order, and he claims for every prophet a Divine mission and a call. Prophecy, in the writer's sense, pervades the Old Testament Scriptures; it is an accumulating revelation from age to age of the Messianic ideal. He is not concerned with the question of fulfilment at present, but in a future volume intends to show how all prophecy was fulfilled in Christ, and in a later one to trace the history of the Messianic ideal in the Christian Church.

The *Liturgy of John Knox*, more officially termed *The Book of Common Order*, is in fact, the whole series of Confessions, Orders, and Forms necessary for an organized religious body. It was adopted by the Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1564, and was in use down to the time of the Solemn League and Covenant, when it was superseded by the Westminster Confession, Catechism, and Directions. In spite of the many editions of Knox's Liturgy printed up to 1643, it is a very scarce book, and the present editor's excuse for this issue is that recent editions, one edited by Edward Irving and another by Dr. Cumming, are scarce also, and, moreover, have not preserved the archaic spelling and phraseology which in his opinion add to the interest of the book. It is easy to see on glancing through it that, though the Church superseded Knox's Liturgy, it has been faithful to the idea of its compiler. There is the same full supply of Forms to meet the occasions of an established Church, the same failure in meeting the moods of the spirit which may be observed in Scottish worship now, the same want of consideration for the varying thoughts and delicate transitions of emotion which the English Church endeavours to formulate by ejaculation, versicle, and response, and which the Scotch Church depends on the minister to imagine, to sympathize with, and to express. The minister, it is true, in all his official acts claims to be no more than the mouthpiece of the faithful; but the worship is, in far greater degree than where inherent authority is claimed by him, the "one-man" system.

What Mr. Tuck calls his *Handbook of Biblical Difficulties* is a volume of more than five hundred closely-printed pages, made up in much the larger part of quotations from various authors, amid whose divergent opinions the reader is left to steer his way and find satisfaction as he can. It is true that the editor says his object is to "start and not to satisfy thought," but by the hypothesis the thought has been started before, or there would be no "difficulty," and if the book is not to satisfy thought, there does not seem much reason for writing it. The author ventures to hope that he has given a reasonable explanation of every class of difficulty, both intellectual and moral, and he hints that his explanations may be useful to Sunday-school teachers. We imagine that they will; for they are just the kind of explanations that teachers are accustomed to put children off with—that is, they are likely to leave the children just where they were, and to cover their own retreat with a cloud of light troops of words.

Dr. Schaff's enthusiasm for the subjects of his three biographies is evident in his dedication. To him *Augustine, Melancthon, and Neander*, the Church Father, the Church Reformer, and the Church Historian, are three of "the best of the great, and the greatest of the good," and most readers will think that, if he has not made good this great claim, he has shown them three heroes about whom it is possible to be enthusiastic. The great figure of Augustine stands out in this popular but by no means superficial treatise in the lines of a nature in all directions mighty. He was great enough to tell all the world the worst about himself (which, after all, was no worse than what Marcus Aurelius did), and to become, in spite of this confession, the greatest Father of the Western Church. If not the equal in learning of Origen or Jerome, he had a wealth of intellect that gave birth to both the scholasticism and the mysticism of the middle ages, and a breadth of thought which has made him at once a pillar of the Roman Catholic Church and the source of principles that led straight to the Protestant Reformation. The lives of Melancthon and Neander are slighter, but they are neither hurried nor slurred.

If the object of the religious sentiment exists, *Religion* must be by the nature of the case a *Revelation* and a *Rule of Life*, as Mr. Kirkus says, but he is not so clear in defining what he means by Revelation as in describing its regulative functions. "Throughout the history of Israel," he says, "the chosen people received revelations through special messengers chosen of God," but he does not tell us the process of their selection or enlightenment. How did the special messengers become aware of Existences external to themselves and not cognizable by the senses, to whom they owed the debt of awe, love, and obedience? The author seems to us not to take the ground his preface would lead a reader to expect he was going to occupy, though to a great extent he fulfils the promise of his title. His preface is an attack on the negative attitude of Dr. Maudsley, and the expectation is natural that it is an introduction to a philosophical proof of the supernatural. But, after the first sermon, the truth for which the preacher is contending is assumed, and in the later sermons is applied with a good deal of vigour and plain-speaking to the prevailing faults of his fellow-countrymen. These sermons must have been good to hear, but they would have been better to read if some of the pulpit amplification had been pruned.

Mr. Iverach's main contention as a Christian apologist against Agnosticism is naturally and necessarily for the Personality of God. Establish that, he rightly feels, and the question *Is God Knowable?* must be answered in the affirmative. The Infinite must be all that the Finite is, and more. If the Finite is a living, conscious intelligence, the Infinite must be so on an infinite scale; so

far from full personality being a limitation to the Infinite, it is only possible to the Infinite; and this *a priori* conclusion is supported by the personal relations in which the Infinite stands to the Finite as Creator, Ruler, and Redeemer. The author's attitude, as will be observed, is different from that of the writer just noticed; he is arguing, not for the existence of God, but for his personality—in other words, to put it shortly, against the Spinozist theory, and his book is a clear and logical evolution of an argument which he has evidently studied.

Canon Overton has written a very interesting and exhaustive monograph on *The Evangelical Revival in the Eighteenth Century*. It is a condensation of part of the book which he wrote in conjunction with Mr. Abbey on *The English Church in the Eighteenth Century*, and, brief as it is, it gives an adequate account of the leaders, methods, and objects of the movement, and a careful study of it will remove a good many confusions of thought. He brings out into clearness, for instance, the distinctness, if not the opposition, of the Methodists and Evangelicals; a diversity not only of method and attitude towards the Church, but of doctrine; the difference both in teaching and in feeling between Wesley and Whitefield, and in the estimation they were severally held; and he once more disposes of the charge that the Wesleys were thrust out of the Church. But he claims, on the other hand, that the revivalists of either party had no quarrel with the theory of religion as professed by the Church of England, they only wanted to reduce it to practice; their object was constructive, not to destroy anything in Church or State. Neither the Church nor the Methodists, it seems, are to blame for the schism; it may be so, and the reason of it may be found in Wesley's mode of working independently of the parochial organization. The Evangelicals, whose rule was to work on parochial lines, have remained within the Church. It was the inevitable drift of the Wesleyan process which made the secession, and not the will of the founders of Methodism. Canon Overton writes of the Evangelical revival from a religious point of view and in a sympathetic spirit, with practised ease and with the literature of the movement at his fingers' ends.

Dr. Lumby has had an interesting task in editing his contribution to *The Cambridge Bible*, for there is no book in the Old Testament of greater historic interest than *The First Book of Kings*, except perhaps the Second. The real importance of the narrative begins with the disruption of the kingdom, followed by the consolidation of the northern part under the powerful house of Omri. The foreign religion introduced by Jezebel was seemingly accompanied by a domestic policy of extirpating the old landholders, and, by the formation of a Court party, crushing all power of resistance in the weakened State. The great figure of Elijah stands out as the champion of popular rights and popular religion, and the combat thickens on to the bloody ending of the whole house of Ahab. The book is edited with ungrudging pains and abundant learning, and the notes are even more than sufficient for the difficulties of the text; what is lacking is perhaps any broad view of the situation, the political as well as the religious aspects and lessons of the crisis. If Dr. Lumby does the Second Book, we hope he will throw this indispensable light on the struggle of Israel and Judah with the great monarchies.

Mr. Moule contributes to the same series *The Epistle to the Ephesians*, and remembers how much it adds to the life and reality of St. Paul's letter to know, e.g., that Boadicea's revolt took place about the time that he was writing it. Editors and annotators of books of the Old and New Testaments generally forget thus to connect religion with the history of human life. Mr. Moule is evidently aware of the importance of his subject, "one of the divinest compositions of man," and in his excursus, and especially in his paraphrase of this sublime evolution of Christian doctrine and its application to practice, says everything necessary to enable the reader to see his way through the argument and take in the whole situation. But we cannot help venturing on a protest against the inordinate number and length of the notes. This is the vice of modern editors of the Bible; when will they begin to take a hint from Bengel?

Dr. Killen, Principal of the Presbyterian Theological Faculty, Belfast, betrays his motive rather too clearly in his attempt to prove against Dr. Lightfoot that all *The Ignatian Epistles* are Spurious. The gist of his argument is that the Epistles teach "the Gospel of sacerdotal pretension and passive obedience," and, therefore, cannot have been written by one who lived on the borders of the Apostolic age. But this is, unfortunately, no presumption that they were not written in the second century, at all events. To account for the Ignatian theory of authorship, Dr. Killen is reduced to the hypothesis of an adroit forger, who, because Ignatius the Confessor of Philippi wrote a number of Epistles, some time afterwards concocted a series of letters to advance a favourite ecclesiastical system, and fathered them on Ignatius of Antioch. While Dr. Killen argues in this way, he must not be surprised if scholars prefer the testimony of Polycarp and the verdict of the Bishop of Durham.

It is the merit of the Roman Church, as we said not long ago, to make fuller provision for the perfection of personal character than is thought necessary by Protestant communions. And it is accordingly richer in the literature of devotion; not all, of course, of equal merit. *The School of Divine Love*, from the French of Marcel Bouix, and dedicated by the Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration to the Bishop of Ferns, is rather a rhapsody than a meditation; deficient, to our mind, in the very qualities which have made the *Imitatio*, with which it compares itself, a book for all sorts and conditions of men and women, which can hardly be said of *The*

School of Divine Love, though we can understand its attraction for the Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration.

The Bells of St. Peter's is the name of a little volume of tracts of which it is the first. They are most of them stories of conversions and are simple reading, suitable for the class which is expected to receive tracts with gratitude, and which when it has any religion holds fast to the doctrine of sudden conversion.

Mr. Heber Evans is very anxious, for controversial purposes, to prove that the synoptic Gospels were written before the siege of Jerusalem. To that end he has already published a volume in which he attempts to show that St. Paul wrote the Acts and the Gospel of St. Luke, and he is now trying by the same kind of evidence to prove that he also wrote the last twelve verses of St. Mark. St. Paul, he says, had all the qualifications for the authorship of these verses, and he uses in his acknowledged writings many of the same words that occur in them, so he must have written them. The proof really comes to little more than this, and what there is is weakened by a foregone conclusion, to say nothing of suppressions of opinions and expressions that conflict with the author's theory. Is it likely, for instance, that the same man would have written "He that believeth and is baptized," &c., and "Christ sent me not to baptize," &c., preaching and baptism being bound together in one mandate by the author of Mark xvi. 20? For the contrariety in feeling and view-point is stronger even than that of language, wide as the difference is between the style of the Prodigal Son and the verses in question. Mr. Evans seems to have a natural incapacity for weighing probabilities.

Mr. Whit White's theology may be guessed from his saying, in speaking of the Redemption, that "it was necessary to devise some scheme," &c.—the rest may be imagined. It is only necessary to refer to it because it penetrates *Straight Tips*, some of which are bits of good advice to workmen about their homes, children, window-gardens, Bank holidays, "pubs," and so on, and they are written in a style too like what might be expected from the title. The author's mistake is in forgetting that the kind of men who would like the form of his advice do not read, and that working-men who do read would not like his form. Much of what he writes, however, would be useful as suggestions for friendly talks with them either alone or at their clubs.

ALL ROUND SPORT.*

IT cannot be denied that Mr. Dykes has very considerable knowledge of most of the sports and pastimes of which he treats, notably of yachting, shooting, and golfing; but why he should think it necessary to present to the world his personal experiences therein, heavily garnished with technicalities, but unenlivened, save with the most ordinary and commonplace incidents, must remain a secret between him and his publisher. The *Peewee* may race the *Jennie* from Lamash Bay to Loch Ranza and back again every day in the week without anybody but the Corinthian crews (much stress is laid on their being Corinthian) caring who wins the dinners, drinks, and suppers. If both vessels had foundered, and every man on board, save "Rockwood," been drowned, the narrative might have afforded a sensation, and would, at any rate, have had an interest for the relatives of the deceased. As it was, they supped, sailed, and there an end. A "foursome" at golf is held by the votaries of that game to be an exciting and invigorating amusement; but the details thereof are not usually deemed worthy of publication, except in a local newspaper or when the competitors are of great celebrity. The comments of the "caddies" on the performance of the doctor, the beadle, the vicar, and the author *might* have been instructive; but these, out of respect for the "meenister," are unhappily suppressed, with the result that the whole affair is as tame and insipid reading as can be imagined.

"The Roaring Game of Curling" is well described after an encyclopedic fashion, though the *dramatis persone*, of whom there are enough and to spare, have no more fun and go in them than has a curling-stone laid by in summer quarters. Surely Mr. Dykes must remember some of the sharp sayings on the ice. Did he never hear of the enraged "skip," who, when one of his men had egregiously failed to "lie up," or "guard," or "inwick," or do something that was necessary to win the game, roared out in a passion, "Eh! mon, ye'll never make a cur-r-rier in this world, and its domned little ice ye'll see in the next"? A few such amenities would put life into an account of a game of pyramids. There is a dreary monotony in the shooting bits throughout the book; they are good enough in their way, and probably true, only they are not worth reading. We have all been acquainted from childhood with the farmer who puts three handfuls of powder and a pint of slugs into his old muzzle-loader when he goes after duck or plover; we know that he is to have his jaw broken or to be knocked backwards into a frozen ditch, and the catastrophe has ceased to make us laugh, though we might possibly feel aggrieved if it did not come off. "A Black Dog and a Black Owner" is perhaps the most smartly-told story in the volume, though, supposing Mr. Byteall to have correctly entered and nominated his greyhound for the Waterloo Cup, it is difficult to see on what grounds, if successful, he could have been "brought before the National Coursing Club for disgraceful and dishonest practices," or why, if

there were such grounds, he should not equally have been thus arraigned when beaten. It is true that he gammoned the owner of the favourite into trying a flyer unawares; but this latter gentleman was quite willing to give his dog a gallop and to pocket the stranger's money over the result. It seems, moreover, passing strange that a pair of old hands like the Laird of Hayalap and his trainer, Jock Howieson, should not have recognized "Black Swan" the moment they saw him put in the slips at Altcar.

To those about to take a moor there is some excellent and practical advice. The Turf comes in for scant notice, which is to be regretted, inasmuch as what there is of it is written in more lively style than the rest of the book. "Backbiter's" win in "A Race to Themselves," will recall, to those who are old enough to remember it, a similar incident which took place many years ago at Shrewsbury, when George Fordham, on Tom Sayers, ran away from a field of "lookers-on."

Our author is evidently a Scotchman whose experience has been gained almost exclusively across the Border; yet, after making due allowance for this disadvantage, it must be confessed that his hunting-sketches are deplorable. An outline of one will suffice. Lady Mina Millingtower, only child of Lord Millingtower, Master of the Meadowvale hounds, makes up her mind immediately on the death of her father, in London, to hunt the country herself. Her ladyship's reason for this decision, of which she at once apprises the old huntsman, Dick Divotta, by letter, appears to be that she has been disgusted by the pusillanimity of a certain Sir Philip Daveney, who, failing to perceive that doughty deeds would win his lady please, has funk'd giving her a lead over "the Bottoms ditch, six feet and full of water," and she is determined that such a laggard in love shall never become the Meadowvale M. F. H. Not being much hampered by *les convenances*, she remains in town till the end of the season, gratifying the frequenters of the Row with the contrast between her "masses of crape, and the golden hair which beamed in the sunshine." During the last week of July it occurs to her that she is being a good deal talked about, and (having presumably no invitation for Goodwood) she returns home to sing a silly song to her guitar, and to assume the reins of her new office. In this by the aid of a haughty demeanour and a *langue passablement déliée*, she achieves the remarkable feat of gradually frightening away every *habitué* or visitor of the Meadowvale Hunt, till at last she is left alone in her glory with the hunt servants. Then of a sudden a handsome stranger on a thoroughbred bay turns up, and when Lady Mina has done the honours of her country and set him at his ease by alluding to him as a "Man milliner just off the sewing machine," they find a straight-necked fox and have the run of the season. The man milliner acquits himself gallantly, is presented with the brush, the lady's heart softens towards him, and she offers him her hand, coupled with the somewhat suggestive condition, that "he shall also take the horn." They marry, and an enormous field assembles at Pedlar's Pike to do honour to the man with the horn.

The poetry with which these pages are copiously interlarded, and which seems to be the work of the author's own muse, is poor stuff, with the exception of some verses on "The Cauld North Sea," an epilogue to the sketch entitled "With the Long-line Fishers on the East Coast," a chapter which is indeed altogether exceptional in its force, clearness, and poetical feeling.

On the whole, *All Round Sport* may serve as a warning to those who feel inclined to republish, without careful revision, the fragmentary essays on sport which they have from time to time written, and which have been admitted to sporting periodicals by good-natured or omni-copy-vorous editors. The book, however, if it does not secure many readers, is at least sure of a goodly number of buyers for the sake of the illustrations which, the work of various artists, are numerous and excellent. Mr. Finch Mason will pardon us for saying that he is wasting his strength when he makes "Backbiter," the worst of selling-platers, as good-looking a horse as "Ormonde."

We had well-nigh forgotten to mention one story, an idyll of the Western Hebrides, in which humour and pathos are quaintly blended. "Killed by a Book" was a horse's epitaph, though it sounds like that of a reviewer.

ENGLISH PLANT-NAMES.*

WE congratulate the English Dialect Society on the completion of a valuable piece of work which must have proved laborious and difficult to carry out. The first part of this *Dictionary of Plant-Names* was issued to subscribers with the publications of the Society for 1878, and it is after an interval of eight years that we receive the final instalment. But that first issue was not given to the public until the authors had been compiling materials for ten years; their first idea was to supplement Dr. Prior's *Popular Names of British Plants*, which appeared in 1863, and has been several times reprinted. Dr. Prior was hardly rural enough; he included names which belong merely to the scientific classes and are not popular at all. This has been the fault of other workers in the same field, and we may give an instance of their practice in this respect. We find in the pages of Mr. Bentham the portentous "popular" name of "Opposite

* *All Round Sport*. By T. Dykes ("Rockwood"). Fores.

* *A Dictionary of English Plant-Names*. By James Britten and Robert Holland. London: Trübner & Co.

Chrysosplenium; the botanist recognizes this at once as the familiar *Chrysosplenium oppositifolium*, but the common reader is as much in the dark as ever. Yet for this plant there are two eminently graphic and genuinely popular names; if we translate "opposite chrysosplenium" into "creeping jenny" or "lady's cushion" we know where we are at once. In compiling their Dictionary Messrs. Britten and Holland have made excellent use of the picturesque old herbals of the seventeenth century, and while it was slowly passing through the press Mr. Britten found time to restore and to elucidate in a pleasant reprint Turner's *Names of Herbs*, originally published in 1548, and now a special black-letter rarity. When we consider that the English Dialect Society has been the vehicle of the publication of not this reprint only, but also of Mr. Britten's volume on *Old Farming Words*, of Mr. Hilderic Friend's *Devonshire Plant-Names*, and of Messrs. Payne and Herrtage's edition of Tusser, it will be seen that it has deserved well already of this particular branch of antiquarian science.

We do not sympathize in the smallest degree with those who stigmatize the popular names of plants as trivial and unimportant. An amusing instance of the sentimentality of "superior persons" is given in the preface to this Dictionary. It appears that an author, whose name is mercifully withheld, has written with a great air of indignation to complain that "a pretty and fragrant leguminous plant" is called in Wiltshire "old sow," and to protest against the preservation of such "a vulgar name"; he goes on to call the nomenclature of which this is an example "a complete language of meaningless nonsense." Messrs. Britten and Holland have this captious anonymuncle on the hip. They find that the "pretty and fragrant leguminous plant" is *melilotus cœrulea*, a little blue flower, which has the peculiarity of smelling like a pig, and which is actually used to give the curious porcine flavour to Schabzieger cheese. The "vulgarity," therefore, seems to be that of the genteel individual whose powers of observation were so much less acute than his sentiment that he could describe this rank smell of the pig-sty as "fragrant." So far from despising the rural names of plants, we acutely regret that these are disappearing so rapidly before the School Board and the railway-train. In most rural districts the influx of ignorant and confident townspeople is destroying the memory of the country-folk. We were ourselves shocked to hear a country lad, this last season, call a foxglove a poppy, a mistake of which we thought he could hardly have been guilty if his mind had not been tainted with what is called education. But, upon careful inquiry, we found that the ignorance, or the mistake, was our own. Among the myriad names given to *digitalis purpurea* there are several which allude to the noise made by closing the narrow orifice of the blossom and breaking the flower, as children blow out and pop a paper bag. Among these are "bloh," "flop-a-dock," "flop-poppy," "pops," "goose-flops," "poppers," and "snapdragon"; nor is it perfectly certain that the name "foxglove" itself is not a corruption of "popglove." Our young friend in the lane, therefore, was perfectly correct; and when we indignantly corrected him we were doing our best to destroy, with our urban pedantry, a good sound piece of country folk-dialect. We have learned our error from Messrs. Britten and Holland's Dictionary, and we have great pleasure in doing penance here without a candle but with a white sheet of paper. In future we shall receive the most improbable names of flowers in a humble spirit; and, if our rustic friends like to call what we think of as "ragged robin" "knife and fork," or "nightingales," or "stinking bob," or "dog's toe," we shall accept the name with a becoming meekness. But we warn them that, if they call it "arb-rabbit," we shall be obliged, whatever Messrs. Britten and Holland say, to cough slightly, and suggest that "herb-robert" is more correct.

We once heard a French lady, who knew England well, defend the paucity of French names for flowers by arguing that it was better to have no names at all than to keep up the hideous and insulting names which English people gave to their plants. Messrs. Britten and Holland's lists certainly carry out her view. The English peasant has not been sentimental or euphonious in naming his native flora. On one page of the Dictionary, chosen absolutely at random, we find "felon-grass," "mudweed," "bear's breech," "camlicks," "lumperscrump," "pig's-bubbles," "piskies," "skyttes," and "burstwort." None of these names appear to us completely suited to poetry of the tenderer cast:—

Lay her after all her troubles
In a bower of pink pig's bubbles;
Round her brows, poor faded frump,
Twine a wreath of lumperscrump;
Camlicks, piskies, burstwort, skyttes,
Deck the bed where no bug bites;
May no evil phantoms pass
O'er her couch of felon-grass!

We hope that our readers think this a pretty passage? We confess, however, that we do not expect these names to become commonplaces in elegiacal poetry. It is curious to speculate as to what influences were at work in the naming of flowers. The ordinary poppy, instance, *Papaver rhœas*, appears to have inspired a whole rural family. Messrs. Britten and Holland have collected no less than thirty-nine distinct names for this flower. It is to be noticed here, however, as elsewhere, that the coarse and rough names far outnumber the pretty ones. Sometimes this rage for strong names leads to odd results. If there is a delicate and refined-looking flower it is the little sparkling stitchwort, *Stellaria holostea*: we should like to know what this tiny

star of snow-white plumes has done to be called not only "scurry grass" (this is of course medicinal), but "pickpocket," "adder's spit," "shirt-buttons," "brandy-snaps," or "dead-man's bones." One of its rural names, "miller's star," is so charming, however, that we mean to try to call it by that name in future. "Lady's white petticoat" is another pretty variant. We have no less than sixty names for this flower given us to choose from.

There is no more interesting class of rural plant-names than that in which the names of animals are prefixed or otherwise introduced. It seems that the prefix of "bull," "horse," and "ox" indicates size. We have the bull-buttercup (*Caltha palustris*), and the same flower is known in other counties as the horse-buttercup. When we come to the prefix "dog" or "toad" we often find that spuriousness or worthlessness is intended. The name dog-violet, applied to the light-blue violet that has no perfume, will occur to the memory at once. Toad-flax and toad-grass again denote, in the first instance, that the plant looks like real flax until the blossom shows the error, and in the second instance that the grass so called is worth nothing. We doubt, however, whether real rustic folks ever use the book word "toad-flax," but on this point we are open to conviction. Coles, at all events, shall never persuade us that the name was given "because toads will sometimes shelter themselves amongst the branches of it." It would need to be a very small toad or a very large *Linaria vulgaris* to bear such a dreadful strain. Often, however, the animal prefix has an entirely different meaning. In Cumberland the marestails are called "toad-pipes," doubtless from a fantastic notion that they make the music for those reptiles, played upon with broad mouth and gouty toes. The various names for mushrooms and fungi, too—"toads' cheeses," "toadstool," "toad-paddock," "toad's-cup," and the rest—belong to the same region of fancy; though why the Wiltshire peasant should call the fritillary "toadsheads" (or rather "toads'-yeds") we cannot guess, unless the brown dappplings of the fritillary remind him, not indeed of the real toad, but of the tawny brindled frog. The name given in Hampshire to the *Conferva* which float on pools, "toad's-spawn," is an example of sheer ignorance, the green vegetable scum being mistaken for the spawn of the reptile.

We have noted a few desultory remarks in this volume which may be interesting to our readers. How many children who sing

Mary! Mary! quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Cockle shells and silver bells,
And pretty maids all of a row.

are aware that "pretty maids" are the double form of a common garden plant, *Saxifraga granulata*, which is also known as "Billy Button" and "lady's pincushion"? As to "silver bells," we believe that we may add a contribution here to Messrs. Britten and Holland's store, for this was the name familiar to ourselves in childhood as one of the Devonshire titles of the doddering-grass, *Briza media*. As cockle-shells are certainly periwinkles, *Vinca major*, it follows that Maiden Mary, instead of the ridiculous garden which foolish artists draw for her, full of real shells, and little girls and silver bells, had a very pretty parterre of delicate and appropriate blossoms. Among the numerous stores of things not generally known with which this fascinating Dictionary abounds, there is a note of commendable fulness on the word "shamrock." It appears that it is the yellow clover, *Trifolium minus*, which is commonly sold as shamrock in Covent Garden on St. Patrick's Day, and in most parts of Ireland. The poet Spenser, in a passage which has been often quoted, says that when the starving Irish "found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for a time." Holinshed, Speed, Campion, and Wither are all quoted as meaning watercresses when they speak of shamrocks; but here again dubiousness steps in, because all these writers are suspected of meaning wood-sorrel, *Oxalis acetosella*, when they speak of watercresses. Gerard, the herbalist, thought that the true shamrock was *Trifolium pratense*, the meadow clover, and Tancred Robinson gave the same information to Ray. There seems to be great confusion as to the true herb in the Irish mind itself. Steele, by the way, was surely jesting when he spelled the word "shambroque" in the 455th number of the *Spectator*? In the same connexion we may mention that "Prattling Parnell," which might by trivial minds be supposed to be a sort of shamrock, is nothing of the kind. It is a herb frequently mentioned by the old herbalists, and identified with the plant also called "St. Patrick's Cabbage"—*Saxifraga umbrosa*.

We have no reproach to bring against the editors of this very valuable and entertaining work, except that in a volume so entirely addressed to technical students they need not have been so timid in excluding interesting and ancient words, such as "grosser names" as shepherds use, on account of their crudity, or if they excluded these from the body of the work, they might, we think, without indiscretion, have supplied them in an appendix. In the useful bibliography, the very first item is not quite correct. The volume called *Norske Plantenavne* is not Danish, but, as its name denotes, Norwegian; it was compiled by the late Ivar (not J.) Assen, and published, not at Copenhagen, but at Christiania, in 1860.

HISTORY OF AMERICA—VOL. IV.

ALTHOUGH this volume deals with the explorations and settlements of the French, Portuguese, Dutch, and Swedes during two hundred years, two-fifths of it are devoted to excursions on cartography, bibliography, and the statement of opinions held by various authors. It is therefore not surprising to find much of the narrative portion of it written with a lifelessness that, in some cases at least, is evidently the result of over-compression. While bibliography and the history of geographical knowledge are in themselves of great value, we hold that in a work that professes to be a history of a land or people, whether told simply or with critical discussions, they should be kept in strict subordination to the main purpose; and we are disappointed at finding the purely historical part of this book cut short by work which, admirably executed as it is, has in our opinion run beyond the limits that should have been assigned to it as concerned with subsidiary subjects. In the second volume, which dealt mainly with the exploits of famous voyagers and the discovery of the New World, there were special reasons why a large amount of space should be devoted to cartography; and though in our review of the third volume we noticed a tendency to excess in this direction, still there the history, on the whole, kept its rightful place; it does not, we think, do so in the volume before us. The critical portion of the work, as far as it goes, is probably exhaustive. At the same time it often simply consists of a statement of the opinions of others. While we are told what Mr. Parkman, it may be, thinks, and what Dr. Shea's views are, and are referred to some one else for a counter-blast, it is not uncommon to find the question in debate left without any expression of the writer's own opinion, and without any estimate of the worth of the arguments advanced by the disputants. This can scarcely be called criticism, and it is especially vexatious, as the contributors may, speaking generally, fairly be said to represent the high standard that American scholarship has attained in all matters relating to American history. We do not wish to be understood to say that all the critical work is of this kind, but simply that it would have been more satisfactory if, even at the cost of hearing less of the views taken by former historians, we heard more of what each of the present writers has himself arrived at. The volume opens with an introductory essay on the Physiography of North America, by Professor N. S. Shaler, who points out the extent to which soil, climate, and other natural conditions affected the fortunes of the early settlements, and the influence they have exercised on the American people. As far as matter goes this essay is admirable, and the signs it exhibits of the sensitive patriotism natural to a citizen of the United States are not unamusing. Unfortunately the Professor finds some difficulty in expressing himself. A general concord between different parts of the work, effected by editorial supervision, was, we understood, to be one of the advantages of a "co-operative" history. It is to be regretted that the editor has not in this instance taken care that this concord should extend to verbs and nominative cases. Although he may perhaps plead that he should have expected that an American Professor might have been trusted not to fall into blunders that would disgrace the upper classes of a British elementary school, it was nevertheless his duty to prevent such a sentence as "It [maize], as well as wheat, barley, &c., give not more than half the return that may be had from them in Virginia," and others like it, from appearing in a book for which he is responsible. A short account of the voyages of the Cortereals, Verrazano and Gomez, by Mr. G. Dexter, is followed by an essay containing, among other matters, a discussion on the genuineness of the letter of Verrazano, which is the main authority for his voyage of 1524. Mr. Dexter expresses a decided opinion in favour of the letter, and disposes in detail of the arguments by which the late Mr. Murphy sought to show that it was fabricated in order to gratify the pride of Florence. Dr. De Costa writes with some spirit of the three voyages of Jacques Cartier and his visit to Hochelaga, the Indian town that stood on the site now occupied by Montreal (Mont Royal), the name given by the Breton voyager to the neighbouring mountain. It has, he tells us, been too hastily assumed that, after the costly expeditions of Cartier and Roberval, the French neglected the "new lands" about the Gulf and River of St. Lawrence, and abundant evidence is adduced to prove that communication with them was maintained "until official colonization was again taken up in 1597." In his critical essay Dr. De Costa calls attention to the fact that Prince Edward Island is called "Sant-Jean" in the *Cosmographie* of Allefonsce, published in 1545, "while the so-called Cabot map, which uses the same name, was published in 1544," and thinks that "a full discussion might involve a fresh inquiry into the authenticity of the Cabot map, and expunge *Prima Vista*." We confess that we do not see why the name may not have been taken by Allefonsce from information respecting the discovery of Cabot. Two excellent and profusely illustrated dissertations by Mr. J. Winsor deal with the "Maps of the Eastern Coast of North America, 1500-1535," together with the cartographical history of "the great western sea" of Verrazano, and with the "Cartography of the North-East Coast."

Remembering how hard it must have been to write on a subject that has been treated fully by Mr. Parkman, we are inclined to

speaking well of the careful, though not particularly interesting, chapter on Champlain by the Rev. E. F. Slater. In the brief notice that follows of the early settlements in Acadia, and of the many changes that brought the country now under the English and now under the French flag down to the Peace of Ryswick, the date of the Treaty of Breda should of course be corrected from 1668 to 1667. The chapter on "Discovery along the Great Lakes," by the Rev. E. D. Neill, seems to suffer from overcrowding, and from the lack of any central figure; it is supplemented by an essay by the editor on the achievements of Joliet, Marquette, and La Salle, in which history, sources of information, and cartography are mixed up in a somewhat vexatious manner. A clear statement of the noble efforts made by the Jesuits and Recollects to evangelize the Indians is given by Dr. Shea. After noticing the early missions, the settlement on Mount Desert Island destroyed by the English under Argall, and the attempts made from the French posts on the St. Lawrence, he enters on the history of the "great Jesuit mission" which begins with the restoration of Canada to France, and divides his subject according to the various tribes among which the missionaries laboured. In spite of the extraordinary self-devotion, energy, and courage displayed by the French missionaries, the results of their work were comparatively small. The destruction of the Huron mission, the most famous of their establishments, by the Iroquois was one of the many evil consequences that followed Champlain's unprovoked attack on that fierce and powerful people. Besides this, however, there were other causes of failure which are well pointed out here by contrasting the slender support granted by the French trading Companies to the Jesuit missionaries with the relations that existed between the Spanish Government and the missions in Texas and New Mexico. Although Mr. G. Stewart has found it impossible to add much to what Mr. Parkman has so charmingly told us about Frontenac, he has given a satisfactory account of his career. Imperious and hasty in temper, Frontenac met with opposition that was to some extent of his own making. He might have avoided many troubles had he chosen to conciliate the Jesuits; he preferred from the first to assume a hostile attitude towards the Order, and thus arrayed against himself the most powerful part of the Canadian clergy. In civil matters he was jealous and domineering, and before his recall the King wrote to him that "the Bishop, the ecclesiastics, the Jesuit Fathers, the supreme council, and, in a word, everybody," complained of him. Yet even during his first administration, stormy as it was, he gave evidence of his remarkable ability. His scheme of political reconstruction might have done great things for the colony had it not been defeated by the Crown, and his self-reliance, his energy, and, above all, his skill in managing the Indians, proved that he was a governor in whom the settlers might safely trust in a time of danger. When his place was taken first by La Barre and later by Denonville, Canada sank to the lowest depth of humiliation; the Iroquois ravaged almost under the walls of the French forts. He returned to beat off the attack made by the fleet of New England on Quebec, to carry war into the country of the Onondagas, and to compel our Indian allies to sue for peace. A paragraph beginning, "Says Carlyle: Those Dutch are a strong people," forms a kind of introduction to a rather dull chapter on New Netherland, where Dutch strength was certainly not conspicuous. The history is brought down to the surrender of the colony to the English, the starting-point of the chapter on "The English in New York" in Vol. III. Considering the comparatively narrow limits assigned to chapters on subjects of far greater importance, we are unable to understand why the history of New Sweden should occupy the number of pages devoted to it here. The settlement was small, and its story is devoid of any kind of interest. It was so utterly neglected by the mother-country that fifteen years after its formation the whole population did not number more than two hundred, and not even a letter had been received from Sweden for five years and a half. Although during the next two years some efforts were made to strengthen the colony, it was then too late, and it was surrendered to the Dutch in 1655. Although it is true that this settlement on the Delaware "formed the nucleus of the civilization which afterward acquired such expansion under William Penn and his contemporaries," we grudge the space given to the details of its feeble existence as a Swedish colony, especially as throughout the volume little or nothing is told us of the social life of the French settlements, of the influence exercised by the Jesuits, or other kindred matters on which Mr. Parkman has written with so much power. Two other essays by the editor, on "General Atlases and Charts of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries" and on "Maps of the Seventeenth Century showing Canada," are admirable contributions to the cartography of North America; and the volume, as a whole, certainly does not fall behind its predecessors either in the number or the execution of the maps and other illustrations with which it is enriched.

A NEW GAZETTEER.

THIS new Gazetteer of the British Isles contains a large amount of useful information expressed as briefly as possible. Besides recording the geographical position, acreage, and popu-

* *Gazetteer of the British Isles, Statistical and Topographical.* Edited by John Bartholomew, F.R.G.S. With Appendices and special Maps and Charts. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1887.

* *Narrative and Critical History of America.* Edited by Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University. Vol. IV. French Explorations and Settlements in North America, and those of the Portuguese, Dutch, and Swedes. London: Sampson Low & Co.

lation of every village, however small, it also in the case of towns gives the market days, the number of banks and newspapers, and short notices of the chief industries, more important buildings, and leading historical events. An appendix of Statistical Tables deals both with the physical geography of the United Kingdom and with a considerable number of subjects that bear on its social, industrial, and commercial condition. These tables are illustrated by a series of excellent maps, which enable us to take in at a glance not only the geology, rainfall, and average temperature of every district, but the distribution of cattle and sheep, the amount of land under crops, the Parliamentary divisions, and a variety of other interesting matters. Mr. Bartholomew's work, as far as we have tested it, is thoroughly accurate; it is well and clearly printed, and is published in a single volume of moderate size.

PRACTICAL ELECTRICITY.*

IN a well-compact summary of his lectures at the City and Guilds of London Central Institution, Professor Ayrton has just presented science students with a manual which will probably rank as the best English introduction to practical and technical electricity. He bestows not a line upon abstract theories, not even the orthodox hypothesis of "two fluids," which had, for convenience sake, been retained by Professor Balfour Stewart, if we remember aright, and other distinguished guides. Nor does Professor Ayrton ever glance at recent speculations about one "mode of motion," which we call light, being transmutable into another still more mysterious "mode of motion," which we call electricity.

Two features in this class-book are—first, full and accurate details of the apparatus to be used by every student, their preparation, testing, and manipulation; and, secondly, clear and succinct enunciation of the many formulæ now in constant use, with illustrations of their application to actual examples. The general bent of the instruction is towards an experimental and exact knowledge of electric current, difference of potentials, electromotive force, quantity, capacity, and power. To read and understand these nine chapters implies an adequate grasp of the meaning of the recently coined yet indispensable words—ampere, volt, coulomb, ohm, farad, watt, and (shall we add?) joule—terms to "make Quintilian stare and gasp," perhaps, but terms which no dictionary can now afford to discard.

The arrangement of the subjects discussed differs from that usually followed, but is simply justified by the general result. Most successful teachers of physics, we believe, have gradually adopted the analytic or natural method with their students, in preference to synthetic or scholastic instruction. Thus our author boldly leads off with the electric current, and at once establishes its properties experimentally, and points out the valuable industrial applications which have already been made of them—one property having led to the telegraph and telephone, electric bells, arc lamps, dynamo-machines, and electromotors; a second, to electroplating, electrotyping, and the cleansing of mercury used in gold-extracting machines; while the third property has suggested electric lamps, contrivances for lighting gas or oil lamps electrically, fuses for torpedoes, &c.

The electric current being well defined and understood, there is, then, but a step to the measurement of its strength and direction, and the definition of the unit of current (ampere). The subject of voltmeters and galvanometers leads to a good account of the mode of graphically recording results of experiments. Many valuable details are given as to use of the instruments, with appropriate examples and hints. The next subject is the more difficult idea of potential difference, which the author simplifies by the analogy of water-pressure and elasticity of gases. The establishment and illustration of potentials presently introduce electric quantity and density, which are amply developed and exemplified, with the modes of measurement. In Chapter IV. we reach the third theoretical stage, the idea of electric resistance as a fixed definite property of a given conductor, and how it is related to "Ohm's law." The whole discussion of resistance is well illustrated by diagrams and the application of formulæ to examples; incidental points being the use of "shunts," and the measurement of heat which an electric current generates, and the work it does. During the detailed account of batteries an easy proof is given that the electromotive force is constant in each case, and that the electromotive force of a cell is independent of its size and shape. After the subjects insulation, capacity, and condensing have been largely illustrated, the student is able to deal with the principles which underlie the action of the electrophorus and accumulating influence machines, such as Thomson's replenisher and the Wimshurst machine. Electro-magnetism, electromotors, dynamo-machines, self-induction, and kindred subjects are evidently only touched upon briefly because their experimental treatment is reserved for a subsequent book.

The neatness of the numerous diagrams in this volume is at once obvious, but their accuracy is a higher recommendation. The full and very detailed index is also worthy of special mention. Nor should the publishers be omitted, when we praise this handsome specimen of their "Manuals of Technology"—a series of which Professor Ayrton is joint-editor.

* *Practical Electricity: a Laboratory and Lecture Course for Students of Electrical Engineering.* By W. E. Ayrton, F.R.S. London: Cassell & Co. 1887.

BOOKS ON SHAKESPEARE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

WE had been prepared to welcome the "Mermaid Series," which is to give a faithful and sufficiently edited cheap issue of the principal plays of the Elder Dramatists. There is, indeed, something a little suspicious in the ostentatious manner in which it is announced as "unexpurgated," a phrase which seems deliberately to cater for a demand which is—well, which is not literary. But we have no fault to find with the general plan or with the introduction by Mr. J. A. Symonds, which shows good knowledge well put—though, by the way, we do not see how Crowne can be included by any stretch of courtesy in "the fifty years after 1587," seeing that "starch Johnny's" earliest known play is dated 1671. Havelock Ellis's own introduction to Marlowe is gushy and uncritical, but might pass. But the indication of the "unexpurgated" on the title-page is unluckily followed up at the colophon by something which we can only call an outrage on decency. All students know, and nobody else need care to know, that a rascal named Bame, who was hanged shortly after, brought against Marlowe a string of charges going to show that he was an open blasphemer and a defender of unnatural vice. The document was printed with omissions both by Dyce and Mr. Bullen, neither of whom was squeamish, and both of whom wrote for a comparatively limited public. "Havelock Ellis" prints this tissue of foul rubbish in full, accepts its contents as genuine utterances of Marlowe, and calls them (they are the stale echo of centuries, the kind of dirty ribaldry that would naturally occur to a smart schoolboy of the worse class) "acute and audacious," "substantially held by students of science and of the Bible in our own days." He, or she, is even so eager in the task as to set down to Marlowe one particular scandal against Christ which Bame does not give. This is an awkward opening for a series which might have been very good. No human being can be less an advocate of Bowdlerizing than we are. But because Bowdler was Bowdler it is scarcely necessary that Havelock Ellis should be Havelock Ellis. Since writing these words we are glad to hear that the publisher, recognizing the impropriety of this passage, has cancelled it; but we are afraid the original condemnation must stand.

Fortunately the second number of the series goes far to redeem it. There is nothing at all objectionable in Mr. Symonds's *Mas-singer*, a little preciousness of style and want of balance in judgment being easily pardonable to a young critic. As for the selection of plays, that must always be a matter of opinion. Mr. Symonds has given *The Duke of Milan*, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, *The Great Duke of Florence*, *The Maid of Honour*, and *The City Madam*. They are all good, but we think we should have substituted *The Virgin Martyr* and *The Roman Actor* for Nos. 3 and 4, and have edged in *The Unnatural Combat* if possible.

The anonymous *Annals of the Life and Work of Shakespeare* is a straightforward and unpretentious book, avowedly a compilation, not aiming at any critical or argumentative matter, but simply setting forth the results of tradition and inquiry, old and new, in clear and useful narrative, adorned with some illustrations of fair ordinary type representing localities at Stratford, &c., and supplemented by a careful bibliography. We noticed a not dissimilar work which came from America not long ago, but this (which is, as we have said, anonymous, except that the preface is signed J. C.) does not bear the slightest sign of borrowing from Mrs. Dall, and is, indeed, arranged on a different system. The only fault that we can find with it is that the author does not seem to be quite so well acquainted as he might be with Shakespeare's contemporaries. To speak of Greene as "a dissipated satirist" is sufficiently loose, for among his tolerably abundant work there is little or nothing that answers to the popular conception of satire. It is still less correct to say that his famous outburst against Shakespeare shows that the latter had already become obnoxious to "the meaner crew." In education and station Greene was much above Shakespeare; he was a fashionable and successful novelist and dramatist when Shakespeare was in complete obscurity; and, whatever troubles his reckless debauchery may have brought him into, he was anything but of "the meaner crew." But this is one of but few such slips, and the whole book may be recommended not less for the careful exclusion of contentious matter than for the inclusion of what is not contentious.

It appears that the remarkable work *Wer schrieb das Novum Organum?* of which we sang or said some time ago was but a part of a larger whole. The whole is very large and decidedly curious, though it resembles a certain speech of Clytemnestra in being

* *The Mermaid Series—Marlowe.* By Havelock Ellis. Philip Massinger. By Arthur Symonds. London: Vizetelly. 1887.

Annals of the Life and Work of Shakespeare. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Shakespeare-Litteratur. Von E. Reichel. Stuttgart: Bonz. London: Nutt. 1887.

Urheberschaft und Urquell von Shakespeares Dichtungen. Von E. Hermann. Erlangen: Deichert. London: Nutt. 1887.

Ueber das Sonett und seiner Gestaltung in der Englischen Dichtung bis Milton. Von Dr. Karl Leutznier. Halle: Niemeyer. London: Nutt. 1887.

Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit. By John Lyly. Edited by F. Landmann. Heilbronn: Henninger. 1887.

Shakespeare's Works. Vol. I. Cassell & Co. 1887.

Othello in German and English. London: Whittaker. 1887.

Shakespeare Reprints—King Lear. By W. Victor. Marburg: Elwert. London: Whittaker. 1887.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Edited by F. C. Woodforde. Market Drayton: Bennion & Horne. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1887.

"pulled out long." Generally speaking, paradoxes are amusing in the inverse ratio of their length; and we own that, though we found some entertainment in the Bacon brochure, we find very little in the Shakspeare volume. Herr Reichel must really excuse us if we do not treat him very seriously. It was, of course, certain that, having discovered that Bacon didn't write Bacon, and not having the courage to maintain that Shakspeare wrote it, he should maintain that neither Shakspeare nor Bacon wrote Shakspeare or Bacon, though Bacon was largely mixed up in the plagiarism and manufacture of both, and got both the *Organon* and the fragments from an unknown "Shakspeare" who was not "Shakspeare." We need lay the less stress on Herr Reichel's conclusions because his initial theory is sufficient to discredit anything based on it. This is, that the so-called works of Shakspeare are evidently things of shreds and patches, cooked up out of fragments of some precedent writer or writers—which theory, after and before promulgating his wilder general theories, he supports by elaborate analyses of and quotations from certain of the plays. Now we need hardly say that the one point in which nearly all competent critics are agreed about Shakspeare (by which we here mean the book commonly lettered "Shakspeare" on the back) is this, that with certain obvious exceptions affecting a very small part of the whole, and not themselves involving a peremptory exclusion, the whole bears the mark as much in form as in matter of a particular intellect and faculty so markedly and individually different from all the other known intellects and faculties of the time that the disinheritance of Shakspeare (by which we here mean "der Stratfordier," as Herr Reichel superbly calls the poor Williams not now divine) simply leaves us with a new and huger difficulty. Therefore, any "chorizontial" attempts are condemned to failure beforehand, and the one thing approaching to sanity in the insane Shakspeare-Bacon craze is that it at least recognizes this. But after all, we are treating folly too seriously. Let us only note as very odd about Herr Reichel that he invariably quotes the German version not the English. Now the German version is of admitted excellence for dramatic and even literary purposes. But if we were discussing the point whether Virgil or Homer wrote the *Aeneid* or the *Iliad* we somehow fancy that we should think it well to show knowledge of the Greek and Latin and not of Dryden's admirable English verse or Messrs. Lang and Butcher's admirable English prose.

Herr Hermann's short essay is a very different piece of work. It has the fault of the usual Shakspeare commentator—that of buying himself with the rubbish-heaps of other commentators, instead of simply sweeping them away—but is harmless on the whole. But why will harmless people persist in discovering mare's-nests and seeing into mile-stones? One might have thought that nothing would be more straightforward, simple, and sufficient, than Ben Jonson's "our Lyly outshine." Herr Hermann will have it mean that "the sun of *Midsommer Night's Dream* completely outshone the moonlight of Lyly's *Cynthia* comedy." Oh, for a Shakspearean commentator who will be content with good sound bread that is merely made of wheat!

Dr. Leutner's is again a harmless book, but it illustrates in a different way a consequence of the academic teaching of modern literature. The author goes through the sonnetteers from Wyatt to Milton most carefully, arranges their schemata and rhyme-orders with beautiful neatness, and in short tries to make art pseudo-scientific most valiantly. But his criticism is often second-hand and seldom very shrewd, and he is a great deal too fond of assuming general principles, such as that Shakspeare's and Spenser's forms of sonnet are, as a matter of course, mere degradations of the Petrarchian form.

Dr. Landmann's edition of the first part of *Euphues*, to which he has added the first chapter of the *Arcadia*, is excellently printed, well introduced (in English), and altogether to be well spoken of, though of course we do not vouch for all the critical opinions of the introduction—indeed, we disagree with many of them. *Euphues* has many qualities which make it a good school-book, and we rather wonder that it has been left to Germany to arrange it as such.

Messrs. Cassell's new Shakspeare is a "diamond" edition, and only fit for those who have very good eyes, and are not afraid of overworking them. But to such it may be well recommended, for the print, though small, is exquisitely clear, the volumes are well bound, and they are not bigger than an ordinary cigarette-case.

We have before now spoken well of the general plan of issuing Shakspeare bilingually. We cannot say quite so much for the editor Dr. Sachs's English versions of his own German introductions. We naturally gasped at finding that "Fantastical love, not that of the heart, joins Desdemona and Othello." The German says, unobjectionably enough, "Die Liebe der Phantasie, und nur in zweier Linie die des Herzens," &c. We hope Dr. Sachs's pupil readers will not imitate his fashion of translating.

Professor Viator of Marburg has begun what should be a valuable series of reprints. Hitherto most cheap reissues of the originals have been reissues of the First Folio only, and *variorum* editions, or even editions with complete apparatus criticus, whether of the whole or of single plays, have been costly and cumbersome. Dr. Viator's handy 16mo. gives the Quarto and Folio texts on opposite pages, each with its Q and F variants respectively. The thing is done with singular neatness and elegance, and, as there is no commentary, the reader has the unwonted enjoyment of Shakspeare, and nothing but Shakspeare. It is true that we are not disposed to set any very extraordinary

value on variations which pretty certainly do not in any one single instance represent the author's own corrections of his own work in type. But here and there an interesting point, if only of spelling (e.g., the Q "bouï" for "buoy" cf. *bouée*), occurs, and every now and then, as all Shakspeare students know, the variations have a real and significant interest.

We are not able to accept Mr. Woodford's prefatory excuse of "a desire to publish as early in the school-year as possible" in the way of palliation of "imperfections." School-years and suchlike things were made for man and literature, not man and literature for them. But as a matter of fact there are no very great imperfections to excuse—at least, none that delay would have been likely to improve. Mr. Woodford's intentions are excellent and his labour sufficient. It is rather excruciating, no doubt, to have Theseus and Hippolyta, Hermia and Lysander, spoken of as "high society characters," but anybody likely to use the phrase this year would be likely to use it next.

ARCHITECTURE.*

ALTHOUGH the mediæval architects built castles and churches which seem designed to last for ever, their houses must have been of but poor construction. Very few of them have survived. The castle was built for defence; the church to perpetuate religious principles; but the dwelling-house was a mere temporary abiding place. We may opine from the few examples still extant that some of them were very beautiful, if very dimsy, and obnoxious to every kind of attack by storm, or fire, or flood. Their beauty could not protect them, and did not atone for their discomfort and unwholesomeness. Now, however, our architects are building houses, especially in London, which, under ordinary circumstances, will stand till they are as old as Aaron's house at Lincoln. They are made of the best materials, and contain the latest improvements in sanitary science; the ventilation and lighting are perfect; they are comfortable, wholesome, and convenient. Yet when day by day we see them rising before us, when we mark the lavish use of precious marble and polished granite, the elaborate carving and the costly bronze-work, we have to reflect with the deepest regret that it is by such structures as these that posterity will judge of the architecture of the Victorian age; and, unless the architects and architectural critics of a future generation are even more devoid of taste than those who in our own day have permitted the destruction of some of the best of Wren's works, they, too, will lament that the virtual rebuilding of London—the greatest architectural revolution that the city has undergone since the Fire of 1666—has fallen to a period in which design as a fine art is almost extinct. We do not know how much of this poverty is due to the mistaken and unintelligent study of Gothic architecture—a style by far too subtle to be easily understood, and far too difficult to be mastered without an amount of natural genius, fostered by unceasing study, which very few architects of the so-called revival have ever boasted. As a result, the new Gothic has had only a negative effect on our great cities; and at Oxford and Cambridge, where it was practised with the greatest assiduity, it was responsible for the production of quite as many hideous monstrosities as of successful imitations of ancient work. The modern architect—that is, the architect who has entered the profession since, say, the middle of the century—finds himself debarred from using the only style he has studied at all in domestic buildings, and is forced, without any special knowledge of classical proportion and all the numberless refinements of the architecture of the Renaissance, to build as best he can, with arched openings and granite pilasters, and bosses of green marble, and rows of stone jars. In despair at the hideousness of his work, which he cannot but see, he has it carved all over with meaningless ornaments, and accentuates its worst features with balconies of cast metal and panels of mosaic. To prove that this is not an exaggerated account of modern architecture, we have but to look at the alterations of the older buildings in Piccadilly, and in Cheapside, as well as in Manchester, Liverpool, Brighton, and many other cities, where the chief problem has apparently been how and where to lay out the largest possible sum of money on a surface a given number of square feet in area. Mr. Kerr, unfortunately, though he tells us how such houses as we have described may be made to last practically for ever, does not tell us how they may be rendered less ugly, and how we are to avoid the censure of posterity for having spent our money on the materials of which we built, but grudged the time and expense incurred in securing the services of architects who would thoroughly think out the plans and elevations, so as to replace gaudy ornament with carefully-studied proportion, and unmeaning decorations with delicate carving and suitable mouldings.

His book, however, while it avoids as much as possible any mention of architecture as a fine art, emphasizes in every possible way the evil of which we venture to complain; and the person who follows Mr. Kerr's most judicious suggestions will have a house which may or may not be hideous, but which, undoubtedly, will be comfortable and wholesome, and will last as long as anything under the moon. This is the tendency of the building skill—

* *Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland*. By David Macgibbon and Thomas Ross. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1887.
The Consulting Architect: Practical Notes on Administrative Difficulties and Disputes. By Robert Kerr. London: John Murray.

we may not say the architecture—of the present day. Of course there is a great deal of “jerry” building, and a great deal which is likely not to be very permanent on account of structural defects, or the experimental use of faulty material. But the more permanent and well built our houses are, the more necessary is it that they should not be altogether ugly, and this is just where Mr. Kerr disappoints us. He considers that an architect should be “an artistic designer of fair merit,” that he should “be sufficiently skilful in scientific design,” and be “entitled to object to the inconvenience of being put on a footing of equality in architectural business with such as cannot handle the pencil.” This does not go nearly far enough. The artistic part of the architectural profession is too much a secondary matter with Mr. Kerr, and, indeed, with many others who have the power to commission the erection of great buildings. The excuse for placing such heavy loads on the earth as the new museum at South Kensington, or the new hotel in Northumberland Avenue, or many another building of the same character, always is that the plan is so good, the accommodation so marvellously perfect, everything so exactly fitted; and the critic has to be content and to look the other way when he has occasion to pass along Cromwell Road or the Thames Embankment. But Mr. Kerr does not go into these matters, and we are hardly doing him justice in dwelling on them. *The Consulting Architect* has nothing to say as to the proportions of an Ionic column or the depth of a Gothic moulding. His book consists of “practical notes on administrative difficulties and disputes,” and its purpose is to exhibit the principles upon which the architect, as an expert, has to deal with the legal aspects of building affairs; although, “as both a duty and an apology,” the author reminds the reader that he is not a lawyer. The first chapter relates to consultation and evidence, including such matters as “expert evidence as advocacy” and “affidavits in contradiction.” The second relates to arbitration, the next to “structural damage,” the next to “easements,” and then comes the great question of “ancient lights.” It will be seen that Mr. Kerr’s book has almost exactly the same place with regard to architecture that a book on medical jurisprudence has with regard to anatomy. There are chapters on sanitary cases, leaseholds, valuation, architectural etiquette, the Building Acts, and questions of support. For the professional architect, and especially for the architect who has to give evidence in a court of justice, such a book is simply invaluable; but the amateur may sigh with regret to think that anything so delightful and beautiful as architecture should have its legal aspects, and will seek a welcome relief in turning to the views and plans of Scottish castles as given by Messrs. Macgibbon and Ross in the great work of which the first volume is before us. The authors do not put their best feet foremost. The thistle on the cover is much too big and coarse, and the griffin on the title-page is terribly unsubstantial and also out of place. When, however, we have found so much fault, we have exhausted our criticisms. The subject is broadly treated; the writing is clear, and even elegant; the cuts or “process” engravings in the text are picturesque and, so far as we can judge, accurate; in short, this is just the kind of book to set the architect thinking and the amateur dreaming.

The first sixty pages describe the progress of military architecture in France and England down to the end of the Tudor period, after which the authors sketch a broad outline of the subject so far as it relates to Scotland, bringing their remarks down to the same date, but, of course, at far greater length and with more detail. The volume ends with a series of nine views and plans of Dunrobin Castle, in Kincardineshire, as an example illustrative of all the changes of domestic architecture from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, in which respect it must have resembled Knoles. The whole volume is full of similarly picturesque examples of incongruity, and the text, though concise, abounds in short notes and anecdotes calculated to increase our interest in each castle described. A vast majority are in ruins; but of some the authors remark that they are kept in good repair. The heraldry, and that, too, Scottish heraldry, is very correct; and shields which help to date a building are always mentioned. At the Castle of Balveny are the arms of Forbes and Athol, and we are reminded that John, Lord Forbes, married Katharine, the daughter of John, Earl of Athol, the same earl to whom, after his defeat of the Earl of Ross, James III. gave the motto now used by the Murrays—“Furth Fortune and fill the fetters.” Balveny at present belongs to Lord Fife. Among other famous Scottish strongholds described are such well-known places as Inverlochy, Rothesay, Bothwell, Caerlaverock, Loch Leven, Dundas, and many more too numerous to mention. The illustrations are proportionately numerous, and, in fact, the authors in their preface apologize for them on the ground that the ancient remains in Scotland are rapidly disappearing. We have all heard of frightful vandalisms lately perpetrated. While architectural taste is at the present low level we cannot expect old castles to be preserved. In short, we cannot expect people who have no veneration for antiquity to hold correct views on matters of monumental art, and all worthy building should be monumental. Wren said that building should be for eternity. We can build, as Mr. Kerr would say, so as to fulfil the requirements of every Building Act that has yet been passed; we can produce a house that shall be wholesome, warm, weathertight, and almost everlasting. It is time we turned our attention to the art of making these hygienic mansions a little more pleasant to the sense of sight.

AN EASTER VACATION IN GREECE.*

THIS is the most monstrous mouse of a pot-boiler that we have lately seen. Here is a commonplace little journal, swollen by padding and large print to seven sheets of crown octavo; and then made up with two sheets of time-tables, another two sheets of lists of books, and a sheet of preliminary matter, into a pretentious volume. Of course, it is designed to supply a want; but we take leave to doubt if the want was felt by any one but the author and the publisher; unless, indeed, some bibliomaniac, to whom unkind fate had denied a large-paper copy of “Bradshaw,” wanted to see how time-tables would look printed like choice engravings in meadows of margin. The time-tables themselves are not so much to be condemned for the worthlessness of the information that they give as for the value of the information that they suppress. Thus, among “the principal routes to Greece,” we find, “*via Brindisi*” (a) by Hellenic steamer on Fridays by Corfu and Patras to Corinth; or (b) by Austrian Lloyd on Fridays to Corfu, and thence by Hellenic steamer to Corinth; or (c) by Florio Rubattino steamer on Thursdays to Corfu, and thence by Panhellenic steamer to Corinth. Now routes (a) and (b) are practically the same, and a traveller would show a very curious liking for Austrian Lloyd steamers if he crossed in one to Corfu in order to change there into the Hellenic steamer which had started from Brindisi at the same hour. But as regards route (c) the reader ought to be told that the Florio steamer stays only an hour at Corfu, and then leaves for Piræus direct, that Athens can be reached in less time from Corfu by this steamer to Piræus than by the Panhellenic steamer to Corinth, and that the Panhellenic steamer often does not get away from Corfu until after the Florio steamer has arrived at Piræus. Again, the reader ought to be told that Constantinople can be reached from Piræus direct by the Messageries and the Florio, and Smyrna by the Florio and the Khedivial steamers; and Dr. Sandys is stopped from pleading that this is beyond the scope of his work, by having printed the Austrian Lloyd time-tables from Piræus to Constantinople and from Piræus to Smyrna. The Florio and the Messageries ships are in every way as good as the Austrian Lloyd, and in many ways they are much better; and, although there are unkind stories about the navigation of the Khedivial ships—for instance, of a skipper working his ship by an English Admiralty Chart and putting her a good seventy knots out of her course to avoid the letters *Mediterranean Sea*, which he took for a gigantic shoal to the south of Crete—still the accommodation is comfortable and the speed is good. The whole of the three-and-thirty time-tables of steamers printed in this volume are taken from the Austrian Lloyd handbook, or from the notices of three Greek Companies, and there is not a scrap of that information which alone makes the time-tables of steamers of any value. One wants to know if the ship carries the mails or not; seeing that if she does she will keep as near her time as the weather will allow; and that otherwise she may stay about for days waiting for cargo. And then one wants to know what sort of sea-boats these Greek coasters are, before running the risk of finding oneself weather-bound in some unattractive harbour directly there is a head wind and a slight sea. Dr. Sandys observes that, although the routes of these Greek steamers are duly recognized by Baedeker, they are imperfectly known to English travellers. The reason is plain. No Englishman, in his senses, goes in one of them if he can help it, and so he does not bother his head about their routes. The time-tables of the railways follow those of the steamers. Above that of the Volo and Larissa line Dr. Sandys prints the following mysterious note:—“N.B. The Time-Table of this Line is to be found in Henschel’s *Telegraph*.” Of course it is; and in Bradshaw also. And is it a purely fortuitous circumstance that the translation of the notes to the time-table of the Athens and Piræus line is word for word the same in this book and in Bradshaw? But, inexcusable as is this appendix of time-tables, the appendix containing a list of books on Greek travel and topography is still less excusable. Dr. Sandys writes thus in his preface:—“I have drawn up an approximately complete list of all the books on Greek travel that have appeared down to the present time; and, in the case of some of the most important or most interesting, I have given an outline of the traveller’s route.” It would have been better if he had written somewhat in this fashion:—“I have been down to the Museum of Classical Archaeology, and made a list of the books on travel and topography that I found there; and, as the list was not long enough to fill the thirty-two pages allotted to this appendix, I copied in the tables of contents of some of the bigger books until it reached the requisite length.” This approximately complete list begins with Pausanias, and then makes a leap of twelve centuries and a half to Cyriac of Ancona. There is no reference to the early accounts of Athens and of Greece given in Karl Hopf’s *Geschichte Griechenlands vom Beginn des Mittelalters*, or even to such a well-known traveller as Bondelmonte. And the list proceeds throughout in the same slipshod way. Then there is not a word about the credibility of Cyriac, or, indeed, about the value of any of the books quoted; and yet Dr. Sandys ought to know that the majority of the books he quotes are not worth consulting; their difficulties have been settled, their blunders have been corrected, and everything of value in them has been duly incorporated

* *An Easter Vacation in Greece*. By John Edwin Sandys, Litt.D., Fellow and Tutor of St. John’s College, and Public Orator in the University of Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

in later works. In the case of one or two unlucky books in which hardly a statement is accurate, unless by accident—the late Mr. Farrer's *Tour in Greece*, for example—Dr. Sandys has given an outline of the traveller's route, and thereby implies that they are among the most important or most interesting. This must mean one of two things; either he does not know bad work when he sees it, or he has not read the books he quotes. And, again, if Schliemann's *Mycene* and *Tiryns* are to be quoted, why is there no reference to the same author's *Orchomenos*? Or, if Wescher and Foucart's *Inscriptions recueillies à Delphes* is to be included among books on geography and topography, on what principle are a score of similar works excluded? And what are we to say to a reference to Ulrich's *Reisen und Forschungen*, and a pamphlet on the topography of the battle of Plataea published in 1817, as a bibliography of Boeotia? This appendix is a most discreditable piece of work throughout, and could have been put together in a couple of hours by anybody with an ordinary catalogue and an indifference to accuracy.

We protest against the map of Greece and the plan of Olympia contained in this volume. The "author's routes" marked in red upon the map lead one to expect an account of many remote and interesting sites, while the presence of the plan suggests some special information on the topography of Olympia; and any one taking up the volume at a bookseller's, and just glancing at the title-page and this map and plan, might think to find such information. But the dozen little pages devoted to Olympia could have been written by the most ordinary tourist with a guide-book at his elbow, and they do not refer to the plan at all, which, by the way, is merely reproduced from another book.

The journal itself exhibits a decent book-knowledge of the ancient Greeks, a childlike faith and love towards the modern inhabitants of their country, and a tolerably dense ignorance of anything else. A man must be indeed infatuated with "modern Greek" to talk of "the Frankish Castle of Khlemoutzi." Did Dr. Sandys never hear of Clairemont? But of course we cannot expect him to know anything of the Princes of Achæa, who were indeed contemptible people, and beyond the limits of the Classical Tripes. A simple narrative of travel is often delightful reading, and a work on topography may be most instructive; but the combination of the merits of both requires a literary skill and an archaeological knowledge that Dr. Sandys does not possess; it is not enough to print a page and a half of translation of *Æschines* against Otesiphon in the middle of a dull itinerary to Delphi. But we should often be grateful to Dr. Sandys for a little more of his translation and a little less of his original work, which runs in this wise:—"March 26.—In the morning I went to the Ionian Bank, where I learned from the courteous manager that at the literary club called *Parnassus* the paper for the evening was to be on a purely agricultural subject; that Parliament was no longer sitting; that, owing to the prospect of war, the University lectures were suspended," &c. &c. Or, again:—"April 12.—It was a gusty morning, and we stayed indoors. In the afternoon we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Alfred L. Crowe, Consular Agent of the United States. He kindly took us for a walk up the Castle Hill, past the church and palm-tree which form one of the illustrations in Lady Brassey's *Sunshine and Storm in the East*, and onwards," &c. &c. We are entitled to better padding than this.

But a notice of this volume would be incomplete without an allusion to the rhetorical doggerels with which it ends. Thus does Dr. Sandys break forth:—

Farewell to all the classic land,
The fame-encircled Attic strand.

Then he particularizes its several attractions:—

The streams that whisper to the breeze
Of Plato and of Sophocles.

It was only ill-bred things like pine-trees that used to whisper to the breeze. Streams were too polite. But there is no saying how a breeze of Plato and of Sophocles might affect them. And what is this breeze? Is it a lost dialogue? We suggest *sneeze* as a possible emendation:—

And giant walls of Tiryns olden,
And Agamemnon's city golden.

Why does not Dr. Sandys write a Jubilee ode?

If Dr. Sandys chooses to produce such stuff as this, that is his affair, and not ours; but if he should think fit to produce another such work we should take it kindly of him if he would not associate himself so prominently on the title-page with the University of Cambridge.

CRONACA MINIMA.*

ITALIAN periodical literature is still in its infancy; but within the past five years a step forward in the right direction has been made, and, to the credit of the editors, there seems to be at last a decided tendency in Italy to discard all attempts to imitate the morbid taste which just now mars French literature, and which has hitherto had such a pernicious effect on the Italian, and to launch into something original. *La Cronaca Minima*, a little weekly periodical published at Leghorn, has achieved a marked success which it richly deserves. It consists of only eight

pages of printed matter, octavo-sized, stitched in a paper cover; but it contains contributions from some of the best Italian writers of the day, such as Francesco Polese, D. Ciampoli, Giuseppe Picciola, Giovanni Zanoni, Gisilda Rapasardi, Ettore Toci, &c. The subjects chosen are attractive and the specimens of poetry introduced much above the average in merit, and often both original and elegant. The print is clear and the paper good, so that students of Italian will find it well worth their while to procure this magazine, which will afford them interesting reading and assist them materially in acquiring the language.

FROM THE FORECASTLE TO THE CABIN.*

IF we were selecting a little library for a boy about to go to sea, or even only suffering from the ordinary youthful sea fever, and wished it to be both wholesome and interesting, we should include this autobiography of Captain S. Samuels, and should put it not far in the list from Dana's *Two Years before the Mast*. Captain Samuels is a survivor of the daring, skilful, and adventurous race of Yankee clipper captains. He learnt his business in the rough old times when steam was only starting, and before Governments had begun to regulate the merchant service as they have since done. All his training was of the hardest and most practical kind. Kicks were numerous, and halfpence were rare. What there were, too, generally went into the pockets of crimps, with the exception of a few which were spent on bad grog. He picked up a knowledge of navigation at odd times, with a little help from his captains. He never seems to have passed any examination, or to have received any certificate. This want of system worked capital for Captain Samuels. By the time he was twenty-one he was in command of a vessel, and had already made a name in his own trade as a smart all-round skipper. In later years he and his good ship the *Dreadnought* were well known on the Atlantic. It is needless to say that he is a thorough "salt," with a placid contempt for steamers. All who have listened to the talk of old sailors will know without being told that he passes from lamentation over the hard and ungrateful life of the sea to exulting in its excitement. At one moment he is solemnly warning ingenuous youth to prefer a dry crust and a warm bed on shore to being tossed on the hungry sea. At the next he is insisting that it is a splendid place for a lad of spirit who is also a tall fellow and a good man of his hands. This is just the sort of writing to inspire a really brave boy with a passion for the sea. The warning will put him on his mettle, and the temptation will not be diminished by it one whit. Of course, if the wrong sort of boy will shut his eyes to the facts, he must take the consequences.

Things have improved since Captain Samuels ran away to sea—for, of course, he began in the traditional way—in order to escape a stepmother and a father who believed in the wisdom of Solomon. There is more humanity and less robbery of poor Jack. Whether men are trained to be such good seamen in these kinder times is perhaps another question. Half a century ago or thereabouts, when he began as a cabin-boy in the American coasting trade, there was dreadful barbarity on board ship, and on shore too. Officers used handspikes with the utmost promptitude, and men murdered their officers or mutinied not uncommonly. It will, as Captain Samuels says, never be known how many skippers and mates who have been reported as having fallen overboard were, in fact, thrown over by the watch. The Captain saw his share of brutality, and suffered it too, as a boy in the coasting trade or in the U.S. revenue-cutters. Even the worst of the old sea-savagery, piracy, was still rife in his youth in the Gulf of Mexico or on the Spanish Main. On one voyage Captain Samuels, then a boy on board an English barque trading from Liverpool to Galveston, actually saw a pirate of the traditional kind, a long low black craft with raking masts, and a long Tom amidships. She was drawn off from the barque by the appearance of a richer prize, and Captain Samuels escaped having to choose between the alternative of walking the plank and taking service under the *Jolly Roger*. He was in a fair way to have made the latter choice, for his chum on board the barque, French Peter by name, had been a pirate himself, and, foreseeing capture, was prepared to take up his old trade, and had urged the boy to join him. French Peter was so far successful that Captain Samuels confesses he was half persuaded to propitiate the expected guests by stabbing the first mate in the back. Luckily for the future skipper of the *Dreadnought*, the influence of this villain was removed at Galveston. He was Shanghai'd away and young Samuels got into better company. His next chum was an Englishman, an old man-of-war's man, who set to work to "make a man" of his Yankee friend by inspiring him with the ambition to be one day an officer, and by teaching him in the meantime how to make "a man rope-knot, single or double wall, or crown a lanyard, tie a reef-knot, or tow a royal bunt." With this chum Captain Samuels went to the South Sea in the most unlucky of ships—a vessel which had never made a successful voyage. The story of the *St. Lawrence*, as she was called, was enough to persuade young Samuels, if he needed any persuading, of the truth of the sailor's belief in the luck of ships. His own voyage in her was unfortunate. He lost his chum, who was killed by a falling spar in a gale; and a good

* *Cronaca Minima. Rassegna Settimanale d'Arti e di Letteratura.* Livorno: Tipografia Raffaello Giusti. 1887.

* *From the Forecastle to the Cabin.* By Captain S. Samuels. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1887.

part of the time of the crew was devoted on their way home to watching a rabid Malay who had unwisely been prevented from cutting his throat, and who then developed designs on the throats of other people. At last he did contrive to dispose of himself with the broken remains of a penknife. The time spent in the *St. Lawrence* was the beginning of better times for Captain Samuels. He had learnt some navigation before he got home, and thenceforward he had no occasion to ship before the mast. In a few years he was in command himself; and, except on one occasion, when he freely went as first mate, he sailed as master till he retired from sea altogether. As skipper of a Yankee clipper in old days, before submarine cables and steamers had reduced the master of a merchant-ship to functions about as independent as those of an engine-driver or omnibus-conductor, he had many chances of showing his general smartness, and did it so well that he seems to have acquired a not unpleasant little sum of dollars. Now and then the Captain's reminiscences of what he has read in a story-book and what he has seen with his eyes seem to become a little mixed. There are a few stories about brigands and lovely Christian ladies rescued from Turkish harems, which Captain Samuels no doubt firmly believes. We, for our part, suspect that his memory is playing him a trick. Of the general trustworthiness of his accounts of sea life there need be no doubt. He inspires confidence by indirectly confessing that he was a little bit of a bully in his early days as captain, and was far too fond of those profane oaths, cursings, and swearings which were familiarly used at sea, even in spite of the Articles of War. Captain Samuels gallantly attributes his conversion from these errors to the influence of his wife. In later years his energies found vent in managing Liverpool "packet rats," and even trying to convert them. His efforts in that direction do not seem to have been very successful; for on one occasion the crew of his famous clipper, the *Dreadnought*, mutinied against him, and were suppressed with difficulty and by the help of some German emigrants. It is characteristic that the mutineers were all Irishmen. Captain Samuels, as becomes an old Yankee seaman, has a contempt for the Britisher only modified by indignation at his successful scheming for the destruction of American commerce. It is very queer this habit of despising us for stupidity and envying our success.

LEADING AND IMPORTANT ENGLISH WORDS.*

IN this little book Mr. Davidson has attempted to explain, or—to use the word which he seems to prefer—to explicate the meanings of some of "the leading and important English words." He rejects as unintelligible or inadequate the old plan of definition, and suggests that the only satisfactory way of making clear the meaning of a word is by comparing it with those nearly synonymous to it. Thus, he takes such a word as "overcome," and shows, with examples, how it differs in sense from "conquer," "vanquish," "subdue," "subjugate," "overpower," and "overwhelm." As probably no two persons would agree as to the exact signification to be assigned to each of these words, Mr. Davidson's book cannot please every one. It is, perhaps, for this reason that he only indicates rather vaguely the relation of one synonym to another without trying to define the exact limits of the meaning of each. Still the book seems to be accurate as far as it goes, and with its object we are in thorough sympathy. No one can say that a clearer knowledge of the import of the English language is not one of the prime necessities of the age.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is almost sufficient to say of M. Zeller's latest volume (1) that its author is unquestionably the greatest authority on the subject in his own country and language. He has, moreover, the advantage of combining in a great degree on each side French readableness with German exactitude. No better idea of the essays which compose this volume can be given than by saying that they are not unlike the best class of Mr. Freeman's essays on similar subjects, purged of Mr. Freeman's besetting faults of over-allusiveness, of repetition of catch-words and catch-theories, and of arrogance towards those who differ with him. The period covered is that between the break up of the Carolingian system and the First Crusade, with a survey of the Crusades in general and an account of the great Hildebrandine battle.

M. Féré (2), a Bicêtre doctor not unknown to English readers of medico-psychological journals, has published a rather technical but very interesting little pamphlet on some problems of what he calls psycho-mechanism.

M. d'Ideville's (3) political and historical small talk, as it may be called, is often concerned with not uninteresting subjects, but the author does not always succeed in treating them interestingly.

* *Leading and Important English Words: Explained and Exemplified. An Aid to Teaching.* By William L. Davidson, M.A. London: Longmans & Co.

(1) *Entretiens sur l'histoire du moyen âge.* Par Jules Zeller. Deuxième partie, tome 1. Paris: Perrin.

(2) *Sensation et mouvement.* Par Ch. Féré. Paris: Alcan.

(3) *Les Petits Côtés de l'Histoire.* Par H. d'Ideville. Tome II. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

For instance, he has an article about the Contessa Mirafiori, the left-handed wife of Victor Emmanuel. The most interesting thing about such persons is their personal appearance. M. d'Ideville tells that he saw "Rosina" constantly, yet all he can tell us about her—the actual her—is that she was "belle, mais sans grâce et de tournure provinciale," wore loud bonnets, and sported diamonds when she was in morning dress. That is not the way to treat such subjects. Nevertheless, the subjects themselves are usually more or less interesting, and M. d'Ideville sometimes contributes to their interest. The best is perhaps a contrasted sketch of Vichy in 1840, in 1866, and the other day.

It is perhaps barely necessary, but necessary, to remind readers that in French "Spiritualism" has not the illegitimate meaning which has been unfortunately fastened on it in England, but means, as it should mean, simply the opposite of Materialism. M. Ferraz's liberal-spiritualists (4) range from Mme. de Staël through Laromiguière and Maine de Biran, through Royer-Collard and Cousin and Jouffroy, through Guizot and Rémusat to MM. Garnier and Saisset. The whole gives a useful sketch of something like a complete school, if not of philosophy, yet of thought. M. Ferraz is not ambitious, and is rather the expositor than the critical historian; but this does not detract from the material value of his book.

M. d'Avenel's exhaustive book on Richelieu (5), or, rather, on the entire administration of the French monarchy as it was organized by the great Cardinal, has reached its third volume, which deals with the administration of the army, the navy, the colonies, public worship, and law. It is perhaps the most remarkable collection of similar details that has ever been brought together in regard to a single country and time; and, when it is finished, it will take permanent rank in every historical library.

We must note briefly a new, cheap, well annotated, and quite impeccably printed and produced version of the *Sentimental Journey* (6). M. Hédouin is a vigorous defender of his author, though he is perhaps mistaken in pronouncing Thackeray unjust to Sterne, and though he certainly does not seem to be quite aware that his counter authorities, Paley, Leigh Hunt, Bulwer, and Mr. Elwin, do not, when they are all put together, weigh as much as the little finger of the author of *English Humourists*. But we never quarrel with an excess of veneration, and Sterne, if one of the meanest of men, was one of the greatest of writers.

The chief graphic interest of the April *Les lettres et les arts* lies first in the designs of M. Marchetti for "Mlle. de Bardelys," and, secondly, in an unusually large number of full-page figures of women and girls. The impression already hinted as to the first named is strengthened by this number. M. Marchetti's dash and *brío* are often very considerable. The full-page sword-play scene here, for instance, is not only technically correct (which is more than can be said of much pictorial fencing) but well composed and dashing in execution. At the same time his faces are far too often mere caricatures, his attitudes merely grotesque, and his costumes a mixture of "rags and jags and velvet gowns," like the more decent inventory of the beggars' wardrobe in the song. Of the second class the best is a singularly pretty portrait of a little girl, after M. Carolus Duran, to whom the engravers, by accident, no doubt, have rather discourteously restored his "d" final.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"A TOUT seigneur tout honneur." A Life of Her Majesty naturally goes first, and in this parade of the literary last reserve *The First Lady in the Land* (London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.) must be on the right hand in the leading file. We will not commit ourselves to any favourable judgment of Miss (?) E. A. Bulley's writing; but a book of this kind is not bound to pretend to be a possession for ever. It is "a memorial of the Jubilee year," and dedicated to Her Majesty's "loyal subjects in every quarter of the world." Considered as a very small book meant for immediate consumption, it is at least harmless. It is copiously illustrated with cheap woodcuts, including one of Sir David Wilkie's "First Council," and the author has used the usual accessible sources of information.

One hundred and eighty-four octavo pages is a small space in which to review the British Empire (Cassell & Co.), but Sir George Campbell is a public officer and politician of so much experience that he could hardly write even this much on this subject without saying a good deal which is of interest, even if he only makes his reader dissent from his propositions. It is to be hoped that his reader will take up this critical attitude. As Sir George Campbell has written for a "popular" publisher, he has abstained fairly well from the more violent kind of polemic writing; but, as a matter of course, his treatise is full of his own well-known opinions, which not a few of us regard as neither manly, practicable, nor even as possessing sense. The very first paragraph ought to prepare the reader for what is to follow. Sir George Campbell begins by declaring that, in his opinion, the Swiss are the happiest people in the world, because they have no responsibilities, need fear no great risks, and can spend a larger part of their revenue in securing their own comfort than bigger

(4) *Spiritualisme et Libéralisme.* Par M. Ferraz. Paris: Perrin.

(5) *Richelieu et la monarchie absolue.* Par le Vicomte G. d'Avenel. Tome III. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Voyage Sentimental.* Par L. Sterne. Traduction nouvelle de A. Hédouin. Paris: Jouaust.

nations. Of course, if that is to be the standard, the British Empire is indeed in a sad way. It has many responsibilities, its risks are proportionately considerable, and the necessity of keeping it great makes it less easy to supply everybody with roast goose and apple-sauce. Starting in this way Sir George naturally goes on to point out that we really are taking a great deal and ought to pull in our horns. As an example of his views take the remarkable statement that it would be a wise thing to withdraw the Mediterranean squadron, in order to reinforce the Channel, and appear in the midland sea only as traders and carriers. How long does Sir George suppose our trading and carrying would be safe when we ceased to be ready to fight for it? Still, by steadily disagreeing with his conclusions it is possible to make use of his facts. Sir George has compiled the Australian part by correcting Mr. Froude by Baron Hubner, and there can be no doubt that instruction is to be obtained by a judicious use of the two.

There be that find the lives of parsons tough reading. For them *A Sketch of the Life and Episcopate of the Right Reverend Robert Bickersteth, D.D., Bishop of Ripon* (Rivingtons, 1887), will be a book to be skipped. Other people have other tastes, and to them it will be welcome. As it is written by his son, Mr. Montagu Cyril Bickersteth, M.A., Vicar of St. Paul's, Pudsey, Leeds, it will be clear that naught has been set down in malice. It is to be wished that so much had not been set down apparently for the purpose of filling up space, as, for instance, in this paragraph:—"A pretty story is preserved of a little cousin Janey, only child of his uncle Henry, who when only eight years old and a visitor at Sapcote used to say, 'I do like Cousin Robert's sermons; they always made me want to be good.' Can any preacher have a higher tribute paid to him than that?" Well, we think he could. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings comes wisdom, no doubt, at times; but every pious little thing said by good little girls is not worth quoting.

Tchey and Chianti; or, Wanderings in Russia and Italy, by W. St. Clair Baddeley (Sampson Low, 1887), and *Beneath Parnassian Clouds and Olympian Sunshine*, by C. G. Saunders Forster (Remington & Co., 1887), are specimens of that kind of book of travel whereof the average reviewer is apt to speak with little respect. The authors have roamed about for their amusement, and seen what came in their way. Although C. G. Saunders Forster is a lady, and we have every wish to be polite, we are constrained to say that neither she nor Mr. Baddeley is blessed with any literary faculty to speak of wherewith to adorn ordinary things, and neither of them has seen anything worth recording. It would be quite honest to say that their books are—well, to say something rude—but why say it? If gentlemen, or still more ladies, like to write a record of the good time they had on a tour, and choose to pay for printing it, or even find one of the kindly race of publishers to take the expense for them, why should they not? What harm do they do to anybody, even the reviewer? Is not the eel hardened to skinning?

We see with our usual emotion of pleasure a row of minor bards, all small, all neat, all nicely printed. First comes Mrs. (or Miss) Margaret Dunlop Gibson, who rightly takes precedence with the *Alcestes of Euripides* (Williams & Norgate, 1886); firstly, because she is a lady; secondly, because she prints "for private circulation," and so does not insist on imposing herself on a world impatient of minor bards; thirdly, because the classics are to be honoured even in a translation. This is how the Chorus looks in this version:—

O thou daughter of Pelias,
To the sunless realms of Hades
Fare thee well.
I can tell
Hades' black-haired god and him
Veteran sitting at the oar,
In his pride
Souls to guide,
This is the noblest woman that they e'er can take
In their two-oared boat o'er the Acheronian lake.

Her accompanying quire of poets we arrange according to nationality. *Ballads of the Revolution and other Poems* are American, patriotic, and canter briskly for spurs; author, George Lansing Raymond (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887). *The Sleeping World and other Poems*, by Lilien Blanche Fearing (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co., 1887), are melancholy and ladylike. *The Romance of the Unexpected*, by David Skaats Foster (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887), is, in point of solidity of paper, clearness of type, and proportion of margin, a credit to the Knickerbocker Press. *Poems*, by Phillips Stewart (Kegan Paul, 1887), show a not unhappy turn for putting correct emotions into fairly melodious verse. *Æonial: The Flood: Gehenna (Aurea's Visions)*, by the author of "The White Africans" (Elliot Stock, 1887), would fain harrow the reader's soul if they could.

This week's squad of school books are all from the Cambridge University Press. The Rev. Hubert A. Holden, M.A., LL.D., edits, with introduction and notes, *The Cyropædia*, in two volumes. We have received the introduction and text of an edition of *The Second Philippic of Cicero*, by A. G. Peskett, M.A. Dr. Karl Breul, M.A., edits the *Fabeln und Erzählungen von Lessing und Gellert*. Dr. J. Rawson Lumby edits *Cowley's Prose Works*, with an introductory notice of Cowley and his works.

Among reprints, the first to be mentioned is *The Life of Queen Victoria*, by G. Barnett Smith (People's Edition: George Routledge & Sons). The print is good and clear; the price a

shilling. *The Blessed Dead in Paradise* is the title of a reprint of four All Saints' Day sermons, preached in Salisbury Cathedral by the Rev. Robert G. Swayne, M.A. (Rivingtons, 1887). Mr. Rider Haggard's *coup d'essai* in fiction, *Dawn*, appears in one-volume form (J. & R. Maxwell). The shilling, paper-bound reprint of *Macaulay's Essays* (George Routledge & Sons) is dim to look at; but it is full, and may be useful to those who have to think twice of what they spend on books—a class of readers deserving of every consideration. The pocket volume edition (George Routledge & Sons) of *Eugene Aram* is very pretty. The red-backed volume of *Poems by Edgar Allan Poe* (George Routledge & Sons) is pretty enough without any qualification. Dod's *Parliamentary Companion*, fifty-fifth year (Whitaker & Co., 1887), and, in a humbler way, *Enquire Within upon Everything* (Houlston & Sons), which has reached a sixty-fifth edition, making a total issue of ONE MILLION COPIES, require no recommendation.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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PERCY LAWFORD,
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Dublin Castle, April 6, 1887.

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